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AN INCIDENT OF WAR.

BY YOUNG E. ALLISON.



REMEMBER I was playing at marbles that morning on the stretch of flat, hard-trodden ground in front of the court-house door, on top of the court-house hill. To me, a boy of eleven years, it seemed a long time ago when that stretch of bare ground had been very narrow because it was trodden only by the peaceful people who came to the court-house on business. But the long time ago was really only a year and a half before, when the blue-uniformed troops of the North had come down through Indiana, occupied the court-house, seized the principal common and ball-ground for a drill camp, and had excited the peaceful community with constant changes. The rough shoes of soldiers had beaten down the grass, worn it out and killed it off the crest of the hill. Soldiers had furrowed the sides of the hill with tent-trenches and covered the smooth, green perfections of its outlines with seared and bared spots, killed the shade trees and turned the little hill park, with its Greek court-house on the summit, into a desolate and neglected-looking barrack camp. And I had got used to all this vandalism as a part of the brutal necessity of war. If the truth were known, perhaps I appreciated the excitement of soldiery, the magnificence of uniforms, the effulgence of buttons and a complacent familiarity with the officers and men more than I admired the sylvan beauties that preceded their

arrival. There were no differences in rank among the soldiers to me; unless it were the colonel in command, a big, black-bearded man, who was very serious and exclusive. I had once seen him, mounted upon a tremendous black charger, galloping along the lines at a parade review of newly drilled troops, behind the inspector-general in plumes and gold lace, who was riding upon gorgeous horse furniture. And thence to the close of the war I entertained a shadowy conviction that it was the inspector-general who was the supreme commander of the United States armies, and that no seceding powers upon earth could ever overcome so perfect, so terrible and magnificent a warrior.

Apart from Colonel Brough, who seemed to me to take no pleasure out of being engaged in a business that I would have endured tortures to pursue in the humble capacity of a drummer boy, I knew all the captains, lieutenants, sergeants, corporals and privates in camp. I was intimate with them all, albeit under more or less awe of them at times. For, it being the trade of a soldier to kill, I felt vaguely a consciousness that my own life, as well as the lives of the other peaceful citizens of that town, owed its continuance solely to the good nature and forbearance of the soldiers, which, therefore, I sedulously strove to promote and render permanent. There were many of these warriors—some of them four times as big as I—who had never been able to conquer the difficulties of reading and writing. So it fell to my duty to act as camp scriv-

ener, and many were the curious letters I wrote home at stumbling dictation or under difficulties which sometimes seemed too great to be overcome: such as when the anxious trooper did not know, or knew only too well, what he wanted to say and could not tell, or did not want to tell me, how to write it. If the domestic archives of the uneducated North could be searched, there could no doubt be found hundreds of letters written in the big and boyish, but plain and well-formed handwriting which, even at that age, I spread upon the record books of the county office in which my father ruled with the confidence and affection of the whole population at his command.

At eleven years, it may be said, no man works willingly. I certainly did not; but work was the price of my being permitted to spend the day at the office, and to that inducement were added certain perquisites that gave me pocket money, which was spent without any accounting—unless the dyspepsia of to-day is the delayed account-rendered of that happy period.

On this lovely spring morning, my father being gone on business, I had deferred the dull routine of recording deeds and mortgages, and was playing at marbles when it happened. Private Tom Moon, of Company K, was playing with me at "plumps" in a little square "ring." Tom Moon

was about twenty years old, I now suppose, though he then seemed, in the habiliments of war, to have attained to the full age that any man might crave; nothing short of whiskers could have added to his years in my view. But he had a big, round, red, honest, beardless, boyish face, and he would win all my marbles with merciless superiority of skill and selfishness of purpose, and then make a great uproar of regret at having to give them back. "because marbles," he said, "was not allowed in camp, being agin the articles of war and makin' soldiers forget their drill lessons."

I was standing by, watching with depressed heart the slow but sure plumping away of my last handful of alleys, when I heard the thumping of galloping horses down the street and three mounted soldiers came dashing along and continuing to urge their horses up the hill, dismounted at the court-house door. Captain Small called Tom Moon curtly, and Tom dropped his taw, saluted and went off with his pocket full of my marbles!

Captain Small gave some instructions to Tom, who leaped upon a horse and rode off rapidly. The other soldiers had entered the court-house and Captain Small followed them, leaving me heavy in heart and light in my marble pocket. Then two or three more soldiers galloped in, lazy heads began to appear curiously at the upper windows of the court-house, and finally, in a cloud of dust down the street appeared a country wagon, without springs, moving slowly and surrounded by a detail of about twenty mounted soldiers.

The wagon drew painfully up to the court-house door, and as soon



Playing "Plumps."



"My first view of the cruel spectacle of war."

as I could climb upon the wheel I had my first view of the cruel spectacle of war. Upon a pile of common straw sprinkled over the floor of the wagon body, and over which a couple of country quilts had been thrown, lay two men in citizens' dress, covered with blood. One was a little, weazen-faced Irishman, whose head was bound up with rags through which the blood had soaked. It had trickled down his face and neck and was clotted in deep purple lines and pools. His face was pale, but when I looked at him he smiled.

The other was a youngish-looking man, very handsome and white, with dark hair and long dark eye-lashes closed tightly down. His right arm was bandaged and the shirt-sleeve had been cut open and was soaked with blood. The arm was bent across his chest and the left hand supported it, as if to ease the pain which the jolting of the wagon must have caused. His left foot was bare, and the leg was bandaged and blood-covered. A long riding boot, with the leg and foot slit open as

by a sharp knife, lay in the corner near the foot from which it had been cut. I saw this much, and, shocked and a little sick at this first sight of cruelty and blood, I slid off the wheel and quietly went into the office, where I forgot my lost marbles and tried to blot out by hard work in deed book E. the terrifying suggestions that had come to me at the sight of those two men brought down in their own blood.

That night at supper my father related to my mother that Captain Small had captured Lieutenant Frank Sterling and a private soldier, both of whom claimed to be regularly attached Confederate soldiers, but both of whom were suspected of being spies or guerrillas. They said they had been in an adjoining county on leave, and were on their way to rejoin their regiment when they met the scouting detachment of Captain Small.

The next day when Tom Moon went to take food to the prisoners, at half past eleven o'clock, I marched in with him, being a very well known and

trusted person in camp. The two prisoners were in the guard room in the second story, and I peeped in a little fearfully before entering. But that day I saw a different sight. The two men had been washed up and covered with clean clothes and swathed in fresh white bandages. They lay in adjoining cots, and were quiet and dozing. The surgeon that Tom Moon rode for the day before had extracted a bullet from a flesh wound in the leg of the handsome young officer, and had discovered his right arm broken below the elbow by another bullet, while the little Irishman had only an ugly scalp wound to show for all the ensanguined horror of his appearance the previous day. He turned over in his cot, watched Tom Moon make the preparations to serve the food, and then threw his legs over the side of the cot and sat up. Such a weazened-faced Irishman he was! With a bullet head, a little nose, a big jaw and mouth, and clear, rollicking, little gray eyes. His hair and the stubby beard on his face were about the color of dull mustard. His name was Tom Creel.

"S-e-w-p!—and bean sewp, too, begorra!" he said cheerily as Tom Moon took the top off a tin bucket and thus released fumes that certainly did testify to bean soup. "Bean sewp!" he continued; "I tho't ye Yankees would soon on nothin' less nor 'ysters and chickin'."

"We does," answered Tom Moon, unconcernedly, "but we was afraid to give rich food to Johnny Rebs, as has their stummicks usened only to hard tack and pork."

Tom Creel grinned good-humoredly at this retort.

"Well, fetch it on," he said; "we'll make no complaints to the commandin' officer so long as we gets enough."

The tall officer moved and turned a little painfully, with a pinch of suffering on his face. Then he smiled seriously and watched Tom Moon fetch up a table and make ready to serve his dinner. While he was doing so Tom Creel turned on me, standing tentatively, boy-like, near the front window.

"I know ye're a threue Southern

b'y," he said with a most serious and dismal countenance, "and if the liftinant and me is p'izoned or dies of starvation I lave it to ye to report the same to the Prisidint of the Confederacy and Giner'l Bragg."

Then he smiled and beckoned me to him, and I went up reassured.

"Now speak out," he said, putting his hand on my head, "be ye Reb or Yank?"

Tom Moon looked at me and I at Tom Moon.

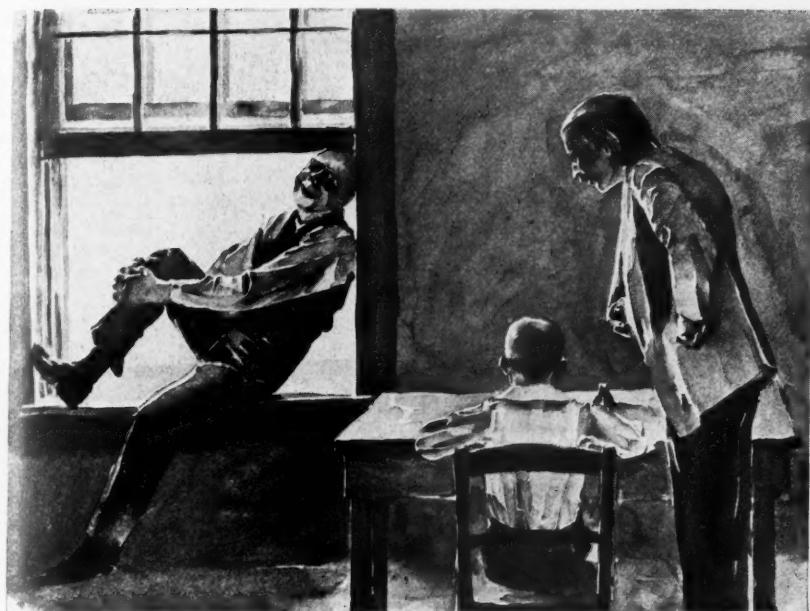
"I'm for the Union," I answered truthfully, but a little reluctantly.

"Th' h-l y' are!" retorted Tom Creel with a snort and a laugh. Then turning to Lieutenant Stirling he said: "D'y'e hear that, Liftinant? Here's a Southern b'y that's threw over Kentucky and gone agin his country. Well, well!" turning to me, "Ye're young enough to make such mistakes, so I'll say nothin' av it to Giner'l Bragg this time!"

The young lieutenant smiled feebly but said nothing. Tom Moon grinned and I edged away, and soon they fell to and I fell out of the room.

The next day Tom Creel was up and joyous as a lark. The lieutenant was still confined to his cot, but in a week or more he was up and about, limping a little on his sore leg and carrying his broken right arm in a splint bandage and a sling. In that time I had become very well acquainted with both of them, going in and out with the guard as I pleased. Lieutenant Stirling was quiet and reserved. He was tall and slim but well-formed and handsome. He was my ideal of what a really fine man should be, and I remember distinctly that I determined to grow up like him, then to take on Tom Creel's cheeriness, and, finally, to end my days as a colonel in that very war that I supposed would continue forever now that it had begun.

As for Tom Creel, nothing dimmed his lively, exuberant spirits or restrained his frank tongue. The stories he told me of his adventures were quite astounding, and I thought he was a very important man to the confederacy. As the present unsatisfied long-



"I wondered if the lady was his cousin."

ing of my own heart was to be a drummer boy I asked him one day whether he had been always a soldier or whether he began as drummer boy.

"Nayther wan av them!" he replied. "I was blacksmithin' in me shop at Mullins' Landing' with me wife, Mike, th' oldest b'y, and two babbies, when wan day I got a letther from me ould frind, Jeff Davis, sayin' that he was thinkin' av goin' out av th' union an' wud I jine him. 'T'll not go out without ye,' he said, 'and if I don't go out I've nowheres else to stay, so I'm goin' out anyhow. And, if ye'll come, Tam Creel, there's the pay, regular every month that ye can draw ut, and in the meantime livin' high aff the Yankees, who will run away an' lave all they've got behind 'em whin they see me comin' wid Tam Creel at me back.'"

Lieutenant Stirling, who was lying on his cot, pulled the sheet over his head and the cot shook. I suppose his wound was paining him. Tom Creel looked over toward the cot in surprise.

"And you went with him?" I asked, anxious to hear the story.

"Av coarse I wint!" cried Tom Creel. "And the liftantin an' me expects to go north at once and live aff the fat of the land."

My father was an "uncompromising union man" in a community that was overwhelmingly confederate in sentiment. The confidence that was reposed in his personal and official integrity was all, I suppose, that kept him from being an unpopular man. He expressed his union views freely, wished the federal arms success, was kind to the suffering of both sides and had the respect of all, besides being the most influential union man in the community. Many were the baskets of delicious food, jellies, cream and sweets I was made to carry to the two wounded prisoners, as I had before done to sick union soldiers in the guard room hospital. Colonel Brough treated my father with the utmost respect and consideration, consulted him about public feeling, and they had long conferences about the state of the union. They had a serious talk concerning the two prisoners, whose fate, I

managed to make out, was in very grave doubt.

That was the period of the war when the border states were ravaged by guerrilla bands, formed of the desperate offscourings of one or the other armies and sometimes of both. Quantrell, Sue Munday and Magruder were names to make whole communities quake with terror, and every deserting ruffian, who could gather a few cruel followers, declared himself a lieutenant of Quantrell, and levied tribute as he went, often adding murder and outrage to his crimes. Only those who lived in those times and localities and knew the hopeless terror caused by the very name of guerrilla, can have any idea of the horror every true soldier felt at being suspected of membership in those desperate bands. Yet the country was so divided between Northern and Southern feeling; so many soldiers of both sides were returning home on leave or seeking to join commands from which they were cut off by accident, that all were liable to suspicion. It was at this time that the Federal district commander issued the cruel order of retaliation that was destined to fill the state with gloomy traditions of wrong and of hatred of the blue against the grey. Assuming that all guerrillas were Confederates, he announced to Southern sympathizers his merciless policy of holding detached prisoners that might be taken as hostages for the safety of the citizens. And for every Union man murdered he promised to shoot two prisoners.

The conference between Colonel Brough and my father, therefore was of deeper import than I imagined at that time. Were the two prisoners genuine Confederate soldiers or were they guerrillas? Lieutenant Stirling had a leave of absence duly signed and he had declared that Tom Creel had slipped off home to see his wife, and Stirling, in whose company he was enrolled, had discovered him and persuaded him to return to his duty.

"It looks all straight," said Colonel Brough, "but, pshaw! anybody can get furlough or leave papers. These murderers that are picked up always

have commissions and all the evidence needed to prove their lies."

I somehow gathered that the handsome officer and Tom Creel were in some sort of danger, but as that was part of the fortune of war it gave me no uneasiness. I was satisfied that they were not guerrillas. Lieutenant Stirling had a high forehead and a fine, straight nose. His moustache drooped and his long, dark hair, straight as an Indian's, was cut in the Southern fashion, nearly touching his coat collar behind. It was worn parted on the side and the long ends were brushed back behind his ears. He had the trick of flinging his head up and back, like a spirited horse, to throw the hair off his forehead, where the long ends often fell. His foot was small and narrow, with a very high, arching instep. His boots were made for riding, but were of fine, soft calf-skin, with the mark of the understitch showing down the sides of the instep, and the heels very high and tapering to a French point. He wore a frock coat, not gray nor blue, corduroy trousers and a broad-brimmed, black soft hat, cocked up on one side of the brim. I knew that type as of unquestioned aristocracy and the testimony of belted knights and coroneted earls could not have made me believe he was a guerrilla. As for Tom Creel—why Tom Creel was in Lieutenant Stirling's company!

Anyhow, all this talk and doubting of the lieutenant's soldierly standing must have had its effect upon him, for he continued grave, nervous and reserved. When I told my mother what a handsome man he was, she put finer napkins and silver spoons in the baskets of food I carried down every two or three days. Once Lieutenant Stirling said, as he drew aside the damask cover and looked into the well-filled basket:

"Tell your mother, Little Yank, that Lieutenant Stirling of Forrest's division of the Confederate army, sends her his compliments and thanks for her kindness. And that if his arm were not shot through he would do himself the honor to write his appreciation."



"Lieutenant Stirling was standing by the window."

He had a fine attitude as he said it, and there was a smile about his lips. He was different from all the soldiers I knew, sometimes moody and gloomy, so that I dared not speak to him; at other times smiling half seriously—never given to jokes, like Tom Creel. Tom Creel had given me the name of "Little Yank," and it clung to me until the last soldier of the civil war left that town.

One day Lieutenant Stirling asked me to write a letter for him, and I got paper and pen and sat down at the table. He was in a good humor that day, and was very soft-spoken and pleasant. He took a photograph out of his pocket and laid it on the table and bade me look at it and be careful how I spelled the words, because the letter was to go to that young lady. I thought it was his wife, she was so pretty and sweet looking, with big eyes smiling straight at me and following

me from whatever point I looked at it. But it wasn't his wife, for the letter began "Dear Miss Evelyn," and was short. He told her how he had been captured and wounded, but that the wound was nothing much, except that it prevented him from writing to her with his own hand. He hoped to be exchanged soon. He had found friends in his imprisonment, and she must not be anxious. He would let her know when and where he was to be sent, and was, "affectionately, Frank."

It was not at all like a love letter. I knew that, because I had written many love letters for soldiers, who always said things that made me feel foolish. So I wondered if the pretty lady was his cousin, and asked him that question. Whereupon Tom Creel laughed loud and said:

"Av course sh' is, but ye're not to say so, because we've made a bet that the officer av the day who's to read ut



"That was a good night's work."

before ut goes out will not be as smart as you are!"

But I thought then that anybody would have guessed that.

One night, about three weeks after the prisoners had been brought in, Colonel Brough came alone to our house after supper. He asked for my father, and they went into the parlor, shut the door and talked a long while, it seemed to me, who waited. Then my father took his hat and went down town with his visitor, telling my mother why he was going, and not to wait up for him.

She told me in her room, holding her arms around my neck, that Colonel Brough had received a telegraphic order to shoot Lieutenant Stirling and Tom Creel before sunset next day! And that my father was gone down town to see what could be done. I felt my heart thumping as she told me, my throat grew soft, and then both of us cried as hard as we could. When we got through crying we sat up talking about those two poor prisoners. It was nearly ten o'clock when she made me go to bed, and when I said my prayers

she bade me say after her: "Oh, God, soften the heart of General —, and save the lives of these two unfortunate young men."

She sat by my bed, and I saw plainly enough she was going to sit up until my father had come home. As I could not go to sleep, she held my hand and asked me about the Lieutenant and Tom Creel. And I described them and told her in a boyish way many little incidents of their prison life. While we were thus crying and talking, about eleven o'clock, my father came home, looking tired, excited and serious.

He had a copy of a telegram which he had sent to the district commander and he read it to my mother, who carefully put it away. It read thus:

"The undersigned, uncompromising Union men in this community, well acquainted with public feeling and sentiment, earnestly beg that you will countermand the order to execute Lieutenant Stirling and Private Thomas Creel of the Confederate Army. If such order is carried out, we believe it will seriously injure the Union cause in this vicinity and accomplish no good. They are believed to be genuine Confederate soldiers. We refer to Colonel Brough as to our standing and opportunity to judge."

The first name signed to this was that of John Edwards, my father, and then came the names of four or five other well-known Union men.

"Do you think it will do any good?" asked my mother.

"D—d if I know;" replied my father with a courtesy of tone that robbed his words of profane meaning and implied the pre-occupation of his mind, the doubt and indignation in his heart. Then he undressed himself in silence and went to bed, and my mother was on her knees saying her prayers silently when I fell asleep with sheer weariness.

Next morning, after breakfast, my father hurried off and my mother bade me wait. She was a little slip of a woman with a serious, sad face, and always so full of fears that she must fight them off with nervous activity. She was always busy. Soon she brought me a basket covered with a silk damask cloth and filled, I knew, with the best she had in the pantry. There were china plates and cups and saucers, silver forks and spoons, jam pots, jellies, cakes, and even fruit. She lifted up a corner of the cover and showed me two books.

"Oh, my boy," she said, sobbing and hugging me closely to her, "tell them to read these books all day. God will not forget them!"

They were two Episcopal prayer-books, one for each of the condemned. I found out afterwards that she thought one of them was a small bible. When I came to the door of the guard-room I was stopped for the first time. There were two soldiers there, and they told me to set the basket down and call Captain Small, the officer of the day. He came up, looked at the basket, looked at me, said "Hum!" scratched his chin, took out the knives and forks and sent me in.

Lieutenant Stirling was standing by the window, leaning with his temple against the plastered wall, gazing abstractedly out upon the ocean of fresh foliage that shaded the town, and biting his long, drooping mustache nervously. Tom Creel was sitting on the side of his cot with his face buried in his hands, his elbows on his knees, motionless.

Behind the door, as it was opened, and in the room, stood a grim guard with his arms folded and his gun resting against his breast, the stock on the floor. His presence was like a chill, and he seemed to feel it. I felt, somehow, very guilty and afraid, but I mustered up courage, set down the basket, and told Lieutenant Stirling what my mother had said. He bowed, but answered nothing, and drummed on the window sill.

Tom Creel raised his face from his hands. There was no smile on it then.

"Ye've got a good mother," he said. "What is thim books?"

"Prayer-books," said I.

"Is wan av thim Catholic?" heasked.

"No," said I, "they are Episcopal prayer-books."

Tom Creel gave a sigh, and putting his chin in his hands, gazed dejectedly at the floor. And thus I left them.

The streets outside were fringed with town people in groups and crowds, looking at the court-house and talking earnestly. The curbings afforded seats for scores of negroes, men, women, and children. I felt the tension of the day, young as I was. Guards patrolled about the foot of the hill and nobody was permitted to pass in except upon urgent business with the county offices. Colonel Brough was in his room in the court-house, whither Captain Small often went. In my father's office he sat in meditation or talked in low tones with the few persons who came in. I did no work at all and as for playing marbles—that was out of the question. Tom Moon had his musket topped off with a glittering bayonet and was on guard. He did not notice me as I passed.

At ten o'clock the telegraph operator came out of his office, two blocks away, and started to the court-house. As soon as he appeared there was bustle and excitement. When he reached the guard-line he was accompanied by a crowd of people who asked for news. He was a fat little man with a red mustache that stuck out like a clipped shoe-brush. He said he could not give out the contents of telegrams and he walked with high steps as if he

knew he was the most envied man in that town. He told the guard he had a telegram for Colonel Brough, and was instantly passed in.

Five minutes later Colonel Brough and Captain Small came out of the colonel's room. Captain Small went to the guard room and Colonel Brough went down through the corridors into my father's office, which was in a wing built on to the court-house proper. He put his hand on my father's shoulder, smiled, said cheerily "that was a good night's work," and handed my father a telegram. It was from the commanding officer and I read it myself, holding it in my hand curiously. It said :

" You will not execute the order telegraphed you yesterday concerning the two prisoners, Stirling and Creel. Await further orders."

When I got to the door everybody in town had heard the news. The crowd was joyous and active. Men were wrestling playfully, boys were running and shouting, and women were standing in groups talking busily and laughing hysterically. That was the happiest telegram ever received in that town, and the operator did not get back to his office for half an hour, having to stop so often on the way to tell the people that he could not make public the contents of military telegrams, but he could say that the death sentence had been countermanded. Everybody was glad, and even the soldiers were satisfied that the execution was not to take place. The guards that had been marching on their beats so solemnly in full dress were withdrawn before noon, for the town had settled back into its wonted quiet.

I was even looking out anxiously for Tom Moon to play at marbles with me when one of the guards put his head out of the window up-stairs and, calling, bade me come up and write a letter for Lieutenant Stirling. So I got my bottle of ink, a fresh pen, a box of sand to dry the writing with, and flew up stairs with a quire of paper under my arm. This time I went in without hesitation and found Lieutenant Stirling walking up and down the

floor with a smile on his face, and Tom Creel sitting up in the deep embrasure of the window singing a funny song about "A soldier who'd kin back from miny a thump and whack," so that I laughed out at him. One of the prayer-books was lying in the window, closed, and I afterwards found the other in the bottom of the basket from which I don't think it had ever been taken.

On the table were the remains of the food that had been in the basket. Captain Small had even sent in the knives and forks.

" Y'are wanted to write letters," said Tom Creel, " to make home folks and wimmen folks happy. Here's wan av your mother's books. Put it in the basket wid the other wan."

" You've been reading it, after all," I said.

" Not me," said he, " I c'u'ddent read it widout a power of labor—no, not even if 'twas Catholic. It's good woman, th'mother ye've got, anyhow. Little Yank, and a book sent's as good as a book read through."

" I'm mighty glad," I said, " you were let off."

" Let aff!" ejaculated Tom Creel in a burst of scorn at which the guard looking in at the door grinned, and to whom Tom Creel winked. " Let aff! If they'd shot the lieutenant and me the war wud have gone an to the ind of the worruld. The whole South wud have avenged us ; "

The guard laughed outright, withdrew and shut the door.

We cleared off the table, as happy as it was possible to be. Lieutenant Stirling walked up and down the floor, pulling his mustache with his left hand, full of smiles at Tom Creel. Indeed he looked so happy that I thought it was hard work for him not to sing and laugh aloud as Tom Creel did. What he did say was in a gentle, deep voice that had the sound of music in it always and more than ever that day.

" Ah, it's to be a famous letter this time, Little Yank," he said to me, as he came up and patted me on the shoulder.

" Is it to 'Dear Miss Evelyn,'" I asked.



"There was a file of soldiers coming down."

At which Tom Creel burst out laughing and Lieutenant Stirling smiled and answered :

"Yes; but to-day you can begin it 'Dear Evelyn.'"

I shall never forget that letter. Lieutenant Stirling walked up and down or sat on the edge of the table or looked over my shoulder to see that the spelling was right, which was sometimes necessary, seeing that there was no copy before me and that he used some hard words to spell.

"You just write the letter yourself," he said with a smile, "and I'll do

nothing but tell you what to say and where to put in the full stops and commas, and keep the spelling right."

So I wrote down the date and "Dear Evelyn," with a great flourish to the "D" and elaborate shadings to the "E."

"That's it," he said looking over the white page. He seemed to be thinking to himself for he said almost unconsciously, "We'll make it a famous letter." And then we worked away.

"DEAR EVELYN : Every particle of danger is past and so I may as well tell you

everything before you hear it another way. First of all I am quite safe, only I expect I shall be sent away to some prison up North. I would rather be free, but as long as I am a prisoner there, I am out of reach of bullets here. And that ought to be a cure for a certain pair of eyes that I know have often been in trouble when there was news of a battle. I can take consolation now that those eyes will not be drowned out before the war is over, unless I'm exchanged in the meantime."

"Now, that's a famous beginning," he said, stopping, and running his eye over the page,—"a famous beginning, Little Yank;—except too many 'b's' in 'trouble.' Besides, I did not intend to say 'drowned.'" He smiled and patted me on the shoulder and went on, and I laughed at what he said about the spelling. I could see that he was not angry.

"The danger this time came and went so quickly that it seems like a dream, and an ugly one at that. But you can be as happy now as I am without caring anything about any rumors of dangers that might come flying about to make the sweet eyes red again. There have been some guerrilla outrages in this town lately and when I was captured with Tom Creel we were suspected of being guerrillas. I did not tell you of this because I knew you would break your heart over it. I had my papers, and good luck has not yet broken with me."

Here he took up the sheet and read it over.

"You are getting along famously," he said, smiling a little. "Except that 'r-u-m-m-e-r-s' does not spell 'rumors,' you are getting on famously."

"A good deal more famously," he added after a pause, "than I am. It's going to make her cry, however I tell it: because it is the nature of good women to cry for sorrow and to cry for joy." He stopped, bit his lip, walked up and down tremendously for a minute.

"Well!" he said, finally, "we'll have to tell it, doing the best we can and leaving the rest to Providence. So here goes!"—

"The fact is, orders were issued to shoot both of us in retaliation. But they did not do it because the order was countermanded. I have met good friends here. Whenever you pray for me you must remember that your heart has not done its duty of gratitude unless you have also prayed for John Edwards, to whose goodness I owe my life and Tom

Creel's to-day. You never expected to pray for a 'Yankee,' I suppose, but Mr. Edwards is better than a Confederate or a Yankee—he is a man!"

When we got to this last word Lieutenant Stirling told me to print it out in big letters—M A N. Which I did and also scratched one 'd' out of 'confederate.'

"Mr. Edwards, as soon as he heard of the order, set to work to show that we were regular Confederate soldiers. The result is that an hour ago a telegram came countermanding the order. Captain Small, the officer, who captured us, brought it up at once and as he handed it to me said, 'Lieutenant Stirling, I have not delivered a telegram that has given me so much personal pleasure since this cursed war began.' I read it myself and then aloud to Tom Creel and told Captain Small that if I had to meet death I would prefer to receive it from a brave soldier and a gentleman as he was. Captain Small said 'That telegram saved your life by an hour; keep it for your wife, Sir, if you have one—I will get a duplicate.' And some day I will give this to a dear little wife, *if you will take care of it until that happy day comes*. You see now why you should pray for John Edwards when you pray for me. His wife has been very kind to us. I cannot tell you how kind until I see you and tell you all she has done. It is her little boy who is writing this letter for me. And he is a pretty good boy, except for his politics."

There was a good deal more written, all quite private, and I knew that the letter was a love letter, though it wasn't like any other love letter I had written for soldiers. It was full of nice things, some of which I could not understand. And at the end it was signed "Eternally yours, Frank." And he laughed and made me write "his (left-handed) mark" and he put a cross after his name, holding the pen in his left hand.

The letter finished, I got an envelope and addressed it in a big hand to its destination in a village in an adjoining county, where you may imagine, there were both smiles and tears waiting for it. Then Tom Creel wanted a letter written.

"To Mrs. Tam Creel, at Mullins Mills," he said.

"Tell her," he continued, "that I, Tam Creel, her husband, am here a pris'ner of war, and well treated in spite av a close call that's passed over.



Printed by Etienne W. Girard.

"Life was held in the crushing suspense of a minute."

God be praised, and she will pay anything she can spare to Father Brady's church. Tell her, too, that I, Tam Creel, say that the vittles is fine an' that if I'm sent to prison North I've no doubt 'twill so continue. She is to take Mike from school, if I don't come home, and put the b'y to work—he can earn his keep. Sign it Tam Creel, plain, and see that it's all spelt proper and right. Not that me wife'll know, but she'll get Mrs. Howard to read ut for her, that knows spellin' in its proper forrum and will not put up wid th' careless kind."

I went for Captain Small, who read these two letters through and had no comment to make. He sealed them up, Lieutenant Stirling's letter carrying the telegram, and I took them to the office where my father placed stamps upon them, and then I ran to the post office and put them in for the mail that left by stage at daylight next morning.

I played the rest of that day.

It was nearly sunset in the afternoon when I was walking along the top of the bluff bank of the river, making a detour to my father's office. I had been to the wharf to see the Peytona pass down with troops aboard for Nashville. There was a regimental band that played "Silver Lake," Will S. Hays' "Evangeline" (the same song we sang at home every night) and "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys." Everybody in town came down to the wharf. I ran along down the bluff top as the Peytona swung around out and kept up with her till I came to the foot of the street where the old school house had stood, where I was to turn off. The level top of the bluff spreads out widely there between the fence in the rear of Mr. Wayne's house and the river. As I turned to go up the street there was a file of soldiers coming down and I stopped to see them pass to relieve pickets. As they came nearer I saw Lieutenant Stirling and Tom Creel among them, walking side by side. Tom Creel's head was hanging down, but Lieutenant Stirling carried his high up, and, though he limped slightly, walked in step with the soldiers.

My heart stopped short for a moment and then began beating in my body until I could feel it like a soft little hammer pounding away. I felt, but I did not know, that something dreadful was impending. A great horror and fright came over me and I slunk behind the broken fence corner and lay huddled there, staring at the soldiers and seeing Lieutenant Stirling plainer than anybody else. I thought of the letter he had sent to "Dear Evelyn" and I couldn't move my limbs. Behind the marching soldiers at the corner there were guards patrolling and a little crowd of people standing there quietly kept back. I looked up and down the bluff and at the next corner, in both directions, guards had been placed also, and they were keeping people back. I was shut in alone with the soldiers and the two prisoners, and I was cold and trembling. Captain Small led the soldiers, marching with a set face, his sword drawn, his hands covered with very white cotton gloves. As they passed I saw that Tom Creel's hands were bound behind him, but Lieutenant Stirling's left arm was free. The wounded right arm was in a sling from his shoulder. There were sixteen soldiers. I counted every one of them with nameless dread. The muskets had bayonets on, as they usually did when guard duty was done.

At the corner they turned square down the bluff front and marched from me. In twenty paces Captain Small said sharply: "Halt!" and drew the file up in line facing the fence. There was a small grove behind the fence and a solitary tree stood out near the edge of the bluff. The sky was rosy with crimson sunset. The soldiers suddenly "unfixed bayonets," and as they turned them in the air the red gleams of the sun leaped and glinted along the blades like sparks of fire. A half mile down in the river the Peytona had "straightened out" and was steaming away over the water that was chopped by a fresh, variable breeze, and the regimental band on the roof was playing merry music that came in alternate loud and faint whiffs on the breeze, like the rising and falling sound of accordion

music. Every line of that picture was burned into my memory in a second of time.

Drawn by an impulse I could not understand—except that I could not be still—I crept out from my corner and darted towards the bluff edge. As I got half way across four soldiers stepped one step out in front of the lines and halted like automatons. I stopped stock still and looked. The four soldiers turned, handed their guns to men in line, and with the two prisoners walked toward the fence. Captain Small sheathed his sword, folded his arms and followed with slow steps. I saw two of the soldiers, who were with Tom Creel, turn him around and place him with his back against a fence post. Then they tied a cord around his chest to the post. At the same time the other two soldiers turned Lieutenant Stirling. He made a step forward, however, and spoke some words to Captain Small. Captain Small dropped his arms nervously, seemed to hesitate, and then made a bow as of assent. At this moment the other soldiers were binding a white handkerchief on Tom Creel's eyes, just as we children did when playing blind man's buff. As Lieutenant Stirling turned to place himself against his post he looked at Tom Creel and again spoke to Captain Small. This time Captain Small did not yield. There was a moment of hesitation and then Lieutenant Stirling bowed and settled back against the post. He put his left hand up quickly, brushed the long, dark hair behind his ears, gave his head that proud upward and backward fling like a race-horse, and then, inclining his body toward the two soldiers, one of them bound up his eyes with a handkerchief.

Never more the sunset! Fainter the strains of the music afar on the water! Day was closing. Night was coming. Life was held in the crushing suspense of a minute. The foot-falls of the four soldiers returning to the lines—I wonder if those two men, bandaged out of hope forever, counted those foot-falls as the soldiers marched back to the line and took their muskets, or if they



"That is war."

sounded like hammer strokes in their ears!

Captain Small took a last look at the two blinded and motionless figures with bared heads that stood before him. Then he turned and saw me. He ran towards me quite angrily, waving his hands, and hissing to me to "get away" in a sharp whisper as if he were in the presence of the dead. I ran like a frightened animal to the edge of the bluff bank and jumped down its shelving side. An overpowering resistance stopped me, and I crawled up again and under the cover of a sage bush, stared at the scene with fascinated eyes.

Captain Small had taken his place just behind the file. He drew his sword and waved it up. A last flash from the sun leaped like red fire along its whole length and vanished. I could not hear the sound of his voice even, but I saw the soldiers make ready! take aim, and FIRE! A streak of white fire, a puff of smoke along the straight

line of sixteen leveled muskets! I saw it all without blinking, but my eyes were fastened upon Lieutenant Stirling. He shook where he stood, drew himself up, threw both arms up—the broken one thrust through the sling that carried it—and fell headlong on his face with the bandaged arm bent cruelly under his body. When I looked at Tom Creel his body was limp, hanging upon the cord around his chest, his head bent forward. Captain Small walked towards the two dead men, accompanied by two soldiers.

Up the street I saw the guards let a black spring wagon pass drawn by a black horse. There were two long, rough boxes in it.

Then I fled down the bank, crying bitterly, and made my way to the office.

As I approached the court-house the streets were dotted with excited groups running towards the scene of execution. At the court-house door stood my father and Colonel Brough in earnest conversation.

"Father!" I cried in horror and reproach, as I ran to him, "they have just shot Lieutenant Stirling and Tom Creel, and they didn't have to!"

Colonel Brough took me by the shoulders, lifted me up until my eyes were on a level with a bit of paper tacked on the door-post.

"There," said he; "read that, and remember, my boy, that is war!"

It was a copy of a dispatch to Colonel Brough. I read the words on the paper:

"In retaliation for the wanton murder of two Union sympathizers at B—this morning by guerrillas, and recalling previous orders of this date, you will shoot the prisoners, Frank Stirling and Thomas Creel, before sunset this day. You will also publish this order for the information of the public."

The telegram had come at three o'clock and the preparations had been made quietly and hastily.

And the letter to Evelyn? It went in the mail next morning, as intended. But on the back of it was written in red ink by my father, whom the postmaster trusted, these words:

"Read the other letter first—this was written too soon."

And the "other letter" was one he had himself written, after an interview with the two soldiers, an hour before they fell.

THE SOLDIER BOY IN GRAY.

LEONARD C. VAN NOPPEN.

WHAT silent grandeur shrouds the lonely spot,
Where sleeps our soldier-boy with glory crowned!
Peace watches o'er his solitary mound
And dreams of deadly war disturb him not.
No more shall drum, now all his cares forgot,
Call him to arms. No more for him shall sound
The soul inspiring strains that ever found
Him at the front, where thickest fell the shot.
Nor poet's lay, nor marble monument,
Nor templed bust can e'er increase the glory
Of him who bravely dared to lead the way,
Who, waving proudly honor's ensign, spent
His dear life blood. No names in all the story
Of war shall longer live than those who wore the gray.



Swazie Belles.

A FEAST OF THE FIRST FRUITS—SWAZIELAND.

BY GUSTAVE HALLE.

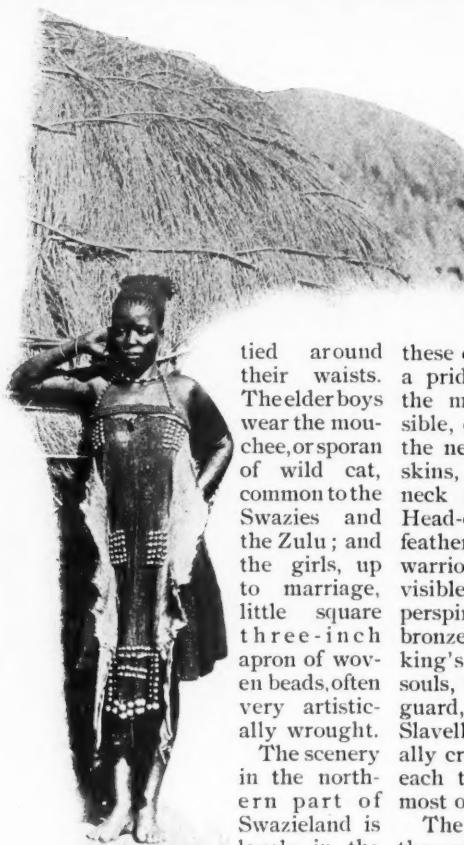
THE opening up of South Africa from the coast inland is proceeding so rapidly, now that its great mineral wealth is in fair way of becoming absolutely established, that the customs of the greater number of its native tribes are falling, year by year, into disuse and decay, or are taking place in a manner shorn of many of their most curious characteristics. Some of them have been sufficiently quaint and interesting to amply deserve recording, and the native in his free condition is so strangely impetuous an individual, and so completely a creature of impulses, passionate and other, that a personal visit to and presence at any one of the still continuing functions is almost sure to be marked by noteworthy incidents of some special kind.

The writer rode over with a party of friends, including several ladies, from the Komatie Gold Fields to the King's Kraal Embekelweni, Swazieland, on the occasion of the "Feast of the First Fruits," early in 1890—the last big dance before the death of King

Umbandine, and probably one of the largest ever held in Swazieland.

The whole ceremony is one spread over several days, and we had sent wagons and tents on ahead the day before, with all the necessary paraphernalia for camping out during its duration.

On descending into the Swazie valleys, we passed groups and bodies of warriors journeying up to Embekelweni, either as irregular noisy groups on the wagon roads, or in the long single files by which the so-called roads or tracks all over Africa have been worn, over the roughest of ground or densest of elephant or tamboukie grass, into thin snaky lines of often over a thousand miles in length. Behind the men were in every case throngs of umfauns and intombis—boys and girls, of every age from ten to twenty, bearing on their heads the grass mats, blankets and mealie meal required for their party. The younger children go, as a rule, entirely naked, save, perhaps, for a piece of string



tied around their waists. The elder boys wear the mouchee, or sporan of wild cat, common to the Swazies and the Zulu; and the girls, up to marriage, little square three-inch apron of woven beads, often very artistically wrought.

The scenery in the northern part of Swazieland is lovely in the extreme; great spurs of the

high veldt jut, for distances of ten to sixty miles, as broken mountainous ridges into the Swazie plains, forming valleys between them of most exquisite greenery and fertility; streams run down the sides in successive waterfalls, often of an aggregate of fifteen hundred to two thousand feet, and Swazie kraals or villages, with their circular stockades and grass-built huts, nestle at different heights along the grass and bush-covered ranges.

On arriving at Embekelweni we found the Swazies already assembled in thousands, and, after arranging our own little encampment, we walked over to pay our respects to Umbandine and his indunas or counselors, and

see the afternoon review of such regiments as had arrived. We found the king already engaged in receiving one of the chief detachments of the Swazie army from the East, a magnificent body of men, with shields and assegais of the forms familiar to all, from drawings and illustrations of the Zulus. On

these occasions each commander takes a pride in dressing up his men in the most awe-inspiring manner possible, ox-tails tied around the knees, the neck and elbows; cat skins, tiger skins, knobkerries hanging from the neck and waist, in back and front. Head-dresses of skins and wool and feathers are piled on the unfortunate warriors, till what part of them is visible gleams from head to foot with perspiration, like so many antique bronzes. The inhabitants of the king's kraal, some two thousand souls, with the regiment of the king's guard, the Hlavella (pronounced Slavella, with a lisp on the S), generally crowd up to witness the arrival of each troupe, and keen and sharp are most of the criticisms indulged in.

The Swazies, after distinguishing themselves alongside the British troops in the war against Sekukunie, adopted the English military tactics, and, in large part, the drill. Umbandine's fighting general, Bovan, a spare little man, with a keen, determined face and a piercing eye, brought the whole Swazie army to a high pitch of efficiency before he died, in 1891, and was himself present in chief command on the occasion now in question.

Each impi or regiment, we found, as it arrived, formed up some distance from the kraal, marched in and executed several manœuvres in front of the king and his indunas, his majesty marring the dignity of his general appearance, somewhat, by being seated on a gin case. One of the bodies that arrived on the afternoon we are describing, had their heads so covered in

artificial beards and wigs of wool—a kind of Father Christmas general result, through which their dusky faces and white teeth gleamed with a ludicrous effect—that they were almost blinded, and so blundered about in the execution of their wheelings and re-formings, as to bring down yells of delighted laughter from their jeering fellow-countrymen and maidens.

This inspection over, each troop is given an ox and allotted quarters, after which they disperse for the day. Towards sunset we were enabled to get to see the king, a huge, portly man, yellow rather than brown in hue, with much of the legendary Henry VIII. manner, and showing considerable tact and dignity in his intercourse with white men. Several of our number spoke Swazie, and the king promised to secure our party, and especially the ladies, a favorable position at the varied functions. His principal minister, or induna, Sandlaan, a tall, thin man, with a weazened face, wrapped in a blanket—the king was absolutely nude, the prescribed royal mode of attire on Swazie state occasions—promptly gave us an example of his reputation for never losing a diplomatic opportunity by asking for a large bottle of gin and a sovereign, and most of his brother counselors hastened to follow his example with hardly the success they may have hoped for.

There proved to be some hundred whites assembled to see the feast, and, after an evening meal and a stroll from tent to tent, we, most of us, went down to see the Swazie girls dancing and singing in the moonlight. The feast is held at the full moon, a harvest moon, and there must have been close upon a thousand girls, fourteen to twenty years of age, assembled on a little rise below the kraal, in the bead aprons, necklets, brass bangles and anklets, and belts of woven wire they wear till married. The Swazies are noted for their magnificent physique, and, while none are darker than a deep bronze, many are hardly browner than a sun-tanned Southern European. The diversity existing in their songs or chants is most surprising, and the wild

wailing and rise and fall of these girls' singing, the clapping of so many thousands of soft hands in time, the gleam of their eyes and teeth in the moonlight, the glitter of the brass and the swaying to and fro of this great body of graceful, and often lovely, dusky forms and limbs, made a scene against the background of the rugged hills, together with the confused murmur around from the great kraal near, from the streams on either side and the multitude of camp-fires scattered round, as unique as it was striking. The moonlight was bright enough to read by.

In the early morning, after a bath and breakfast, we found an official dance of the unmarried girls and the king's children proceeding. The girls stood round in a great oval ring, some five deep, singing, beating with their hands, and swaying from one foot to the other, the king being seated at the upper end of the oval with his wives around him. After a time the king's little sons, some ten or twelve, were brought into the ring, dressed as complete warriors, the eldest seemed less than nine years old, the youngest three, and to see the little mites brandishing their tiny shields and assegais, advancing and retreating in line before their father, piping out the Swazie war chant, was as pretty a sight as it was comical. The hum and shrieks of admiration among the girls and wives as the infant company toddled through their evolutions with the profoundest gravity, showed conclusively that baby worship is far from being confined to the whites.

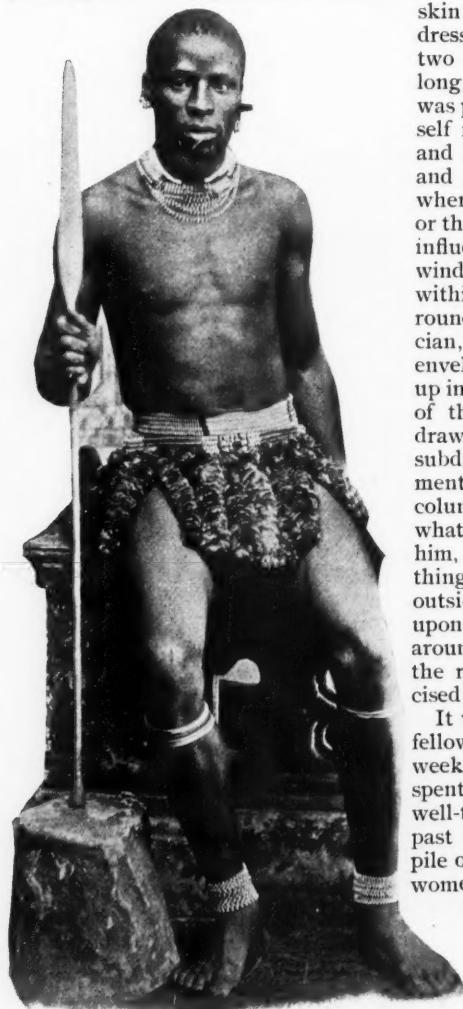


When their dance was over and each little performer safely perched on a knee of his portly father or multitudinous mother, the head witch doctor, the only man, except the king, allowed within the oval, sprang in and commenced gyrating round and round the ring in a manner that would have done credit to the Alhambra. And here one of those curious incidents, or coincidents, happened that go so far towards explaining how the superstitions of these

"savage" or wilder races are maintained.

The heat was terrific, with an occasional cool breath of air, the sky cloudless, and the light dazzling; the site of this dance was a dry, dusty space before the kraal. The witch doctor, a middle-sized man of singularly dark skin for a Swazie, and dressed in the most preposterous collection of charms and snake skins, insects, lizards, roots, and herbs strung around him, a leopard skin around his body, a feather-head dress on, a full yard in height, and two python skins, some sixteen feet long, hanging from either shoulder, was pirouetting, or rather flinging himself round and round in a circle, arms and legs flying to their utmost limit, and shouting at the top of his voice, when, whether by simple coincidence or through a passing gust of air being influenced by his gyrations, a whirl of wind raised a circular column of dust within the ring of the girls; it swept round the oval, overtook the "magician," and for a few seconds entirely enveloped and hid him, swirling then up into the air and away over the heads of the circle. There was a general drawing in of breath and a volley of subdued "wows" of frightened amazement, and the rascal sailed out of the column on one leg with a kind of "See-what-I-can-do-when-I-try" look about him, for which one could have thrown things at him. I was on horse-back outside the ring, and the looks of awe upon most of the faces as I looked around were amply convincing as to the reality of the rule of terror exercised by this weird witch system.

It was strange to look down on this fellow and remember that only a few weeks before, one of our party had spent the night at a comfortable and well-to-do kraal, and, on returning past it two days later, had found a pile of smoking ashes only, with men, women and children, the whole of its inhabitants, lying slaughtered and mangled within and round about the ruins, the mealie lands ravaged, and cattle and live stock carried off. One of the king's favorite wives had fallen ill, and





"Throngs of umfauns and intombis."

this identical witch doctor had declared the head of this kraal to be the cause.

In the afternoon, the whole of the available fighting force having assembled, a grand review and military demonstration was held.

The total present numbered some twelve thousand men. They were first of all drawn up before the royal kraal, in a line four thousand long, by three men deep, keeping their ranks and distances to perfection; when ready, the king, in full war dress, and armed, came rushing, at the best speed his weight allowed of, out of his hut, followed by Bovan, Sandlaan and the indunas, and flung himself, leaping high in the air, literally into the arms of his Hlavellas; four or five stalwart men caught him up, and bore him amid terrific yells in triumph back to a seat prepared for him under a tree in the centre of the line. Bovan then raised his assegai, and the whole

body gave the peculiar war-cry and war sound of the Swazies, a piercing ear-splitting whistle, beginning at a high note and sweeping down to as low a one as the human lips are probably capable of. Few of us knew of the custom, and the suddenness and strangeness of such a din from some twelve thousand men at once, was startling in the extreme.

The different regiments, the Hlavella at the head, then defiled off, and marched out upon the huge plain below the kraal, the training shown being admirable again, and the display a formidable one altogether. The dress of the Hlavella is not only splendid, but costly; they are supplied by the king at a cost of something like fifty pounds (two hundred dollars) a piece. Each man is clad in a tiger skin, with ox tails around knees, elbows and neck, and has a curious and beautiful worked head-dress, or helmet, of

plaited grass work covered with small black ostrich feathers. The part that covers the top of the head is hazel shaped, there is a similar piece hinged on, to cover the back of the head, and a curious wedge-shaped flap, thicker at the bottom than at the top, hangs down on to each shoulder; the whole has something of an Egyptian appearance, and is so beautifully finished off that the ostrich feathers look like black velvet. A few white feathers are stuck in the side of the head-piece. Assegais, knobkerries and shields are similar to those of the Zulus.

When some half a mile off, we heard the whistle repeated, and the whole of the army, then marching in regiments, in lines of some twenty-five, a yard between the lines, and two yards between the companies, threw up their shield arms together as one man; the shields are covered with white ox skin, and the sudden change from black to white of the whole huge body had a most singular effect. The army, when some half a mile further, deployed out into a double line, reaching across the valley, and came home at a double, charging the last few hundred yards at full speed with the "hu! hu!" shouting so beloved of the South African warrior. The king then walked down the front, and the customary bragging display was made by some five or six of the heroes of the Sekukunie campaign. The whole incident of the slaying of the innumerable victims of each warrior's bravery being acted in front of the regiments with abundant illustrations.

A curious part of the great feast now followed, the whole army sang a chant together, which it is death to sing on any other day of the year, were then addressed by the king and disbanded. They then stripped off their accoutrements, down to the sporan or mouchee, bathed in the river, formed up again and started off on a fifty-mile run to a sacred grove, from which it was necessary to bring up boughs and branches for the crowning ceremony of the next day. The sight of so many burly warriors packing away their ostrich feather helmets in neat grass-plaited baskets,

with soft moss, with all the care of a lady putting up a Parisian bonnet, was highly amusing; woe betide the intomba who should lose or damage her father's bonnet box!

Whether the grove mentioned be really fifty miles away or not, it is impossible to say; the army, or great impi, has, however, to fetch and bring back the greenery between sunset and sunrise, and by sunrise next morning they were back again, truly enough, and with every sign of a great exertion on them.

The delivery up by them of the green stuff, next morning, was another very pretty spectacle. The king took his seat on one side of the great enclosure at the military kraal, a stockaded space large enough for 25,000 people to manoeuvre in; the lay element and women gathered behind him, and the impi formed in close columns about half way down the right-hand stockade, each man naked except for his mouchee, and bearing a huge bough in each hand. They then, in single lines of fifty men at a time, marched round the further side of the enclosure, quickening up to the double until they had swept round to pass in front of the king. Charging past at full speed, with the "hu! hu!" sounding at the full power of their lungs, the first line dropped their boughs in a line as they went by; the second, ten yards behind, leapt over these when they reached them, dropping theirs on top, and so on, with the next and next, until the pile grew beyond the power of the men succeeding to do more than leap on, and struggle over.

When all were deposited the fighting men filed off to arm, and the older ones proceeded to build an enclosure, or arbor, with the boughs. The king stripped and was led inside. And now followed what, we were informed, by an induna, had once been the human sacrificial rites, but were to be so no longer, now that there were Europeans in the country.

The regiments marched back armed, and took up their stand to the left, leaving a clear way from the arbor to the great entrance to the kraal. Four



A Detachment of the Swazie Army.

hundred men, perfectly naked, drew up, in a double row of a hundred each, on either side of this way from arbor to gateway. A young bull, perfectly black, and carefully selected as not having a white hair upon it, was led into the arbor. The four hundred commenced a curious wild and savage chant, and presently the king, still perfectly naked, drove out the bull from the arbor, and sent it charging down between their ranks; the men, still chanting, closed round on it, and fell to beating it with as many of their eight hundred clenched fists as could find place upon its head and body. The frightened animal broke through the gateway, the four hundred after him, clinging to him and continuing their strange belaboring; in about a quarter of an hour, during which they traversed a good mile, they drove it in again; the entrance was secured, and after a few desperate rushes round the ring, the bull fell in the centre of the enclosure, and the four hundred closed over him. The scene was both brutal

and extraordinary, the roaring and bellowing of the tortured animal, the wild shouting of the men, the dull thud, thud of blows, and the general yells and shouts of the warriors and the rest, men and women together, made up a pandemonium. Beating a bull to death with fists seems a meaningless and extraordinarily protracted piece of business, but the underlying thought is the old one of spilling no blood and killing the sacrificial victim in the highest possible manner, the distinction of being battered out of existence by the human hand being doubtless fully appreciated by the bull.

After about three-quarters of an hour of this worrying, diversified by an occasional fight between two or more of the warriors over a misdirected blow or two, not received by the intended victim, during which the bull would generally seize the opportunity of making a rush, and upsetting some half dozen of his murderers, the animal seemed to be regarded as dead enough



for all practical purposes. A lane was opened for the king, and he now came forth from the arbor dressed from head to foot in green weeds and rushes, apparently hung round his neck, and hanging to the ground; all round, in a veil of some inches thick. A huge erection of grass covered his head, and it was impossible not to recognize that the Jack-in-the-green of an English May-day must have had its origin in some druidical, or pre-druidical feast of the same nature. The unfortunate beast was now slit open, and the king, whose face showed that he was reeking with perspiration all over, from the weight of his cumbersome apparel, plunged his hands in, tore out the heart and kidneys, with some of the entrails, and hung them round his neck. This portion of the proceedings was fortunately so crowded round, that the ladies of our party were in ignorance of what was going on. In fact it was very difficult for us men ourselves to follow the whole. The bull was then dragged off, to be cut up and distributed among the indunas and head men. Some was sent later to one or two of the leading

white residents, and we heard from Mr. Shepstone, the king's adviser, that the flesh had been literally pounded out of the very semblance of meat, the fibre was entirely destroyed, and the whole reduced almost to a pulp.

The last and grimmest part of the ceremony was yet to come. The regiments closed up and formed ten deep in the centre of the kraal, facing the arbor, into which the king and his indunas had again retired. The white visitors were then civilly, but with amply sufficient firmness, requested to retire. The king's two white advisers remained. The whole ceremony and the excitement among the natives now grew so ominous that we made inquiries from the two advisers as to whether bloodshed were intended, and if so, what they proposed to do. It was manifestly impossible for a body of some hundred whites, with ladies with them, to allow a butchery without some demonstration of dissent and protest, however practically useless. We were assured that the king had assented to their emphatic declaration that there must be no human slaughter, and left the kraal. Riding to a little mound outside the kraal we were able to see the whole of what now followed; the king came again from the arbor, still in his greens and grasses, and bearing a sacred gourd of salt water, brought from the coast. He advanced to the ranks of the warriors and threw it to a well-known and wealthy sub-chief from the East. There was an uneasy murmur, almost a growl, along the ranks, and the man, who was in some command in the centre ranks, stepped out with the gourd and spoke long and earnestly to the king, whose look was now as black as thunder; that of the very incarnation of a savage chief. The warrior took the gourd to the arbor, deposited it, and returned to the ranks amid the scarcely suppressed excitement of the whole impi. It seems that in the original ceremony the recipient of the gourd, or the man it strikes when thrown by the king, had to rush to the arbor, pursued by the whole force. If not caught up and assegaied before he

reached it, an improbable event, the sanctity of the place saved him. There was certainly no public slaughter in this instance. There was later.

The king now strode about the front of his army, evidently laboring under the intensest agitation, beckoned, one after the other, some five men from the ranks, and whispered to them. These men were, under the older customs, recipients of messages to the king's ancestors, and should have been promptly assegaied. This was omitted here, but it was an unpleasant shock to hear, a week later, a somewhat detailed rumor that the whole six of these selected men had been taken to the river after sunset the day of the ceremony, and knobkerried. The matter was made the subject of indignant inquiries in the press, and emphatically denied by the white advisers. What the truth is, it has been impossible to really ascertain; the deaths are, however, generally believed in by both black and white.

The closing ceremony of the next day took the shape of a great review of the whole force and a dance, and the singing of innumerable songs by the regiments and the girls combined, the men being drawn up on the one side of the great enclosure, the girls on the other, each body singing their chants in part with a curious joint effect, and advancing and retreating as they sang. The king, his wives and children, the visitors, and the whole of the remaining population of the kraal were gathered in the center, and the excitement and enthusiasm as the singing and chanting grew louder and louder, and the movements and swayings to and fro of the great bodies of men and girls more and more rapid, mounted in proportion.

There must have been almost twenty thousand in the enclosure, and the heat, dust, glare and noise baffle description. Hideous old hags dressed in the two-foot ox-skin skirt and cloak of the married Swazie women, whirled about, "whinneying"—there is no other word for it—with excitement and chanting about their beauty and general attractiveness in the days when they were young.

The younger people and children darted here and there among the crowd, yelling with delight when they missed the blows lavishly dealt around by the score of Hlavella deputed to keep order, and with pain when they didn't. A sjambok of hippopotamus hide, especially when four feet long and wielded by a six-foot athlete, is no contemptible weapon of the flaying kind. Great curiosity was displayed over the white ladies, but, though generally surrounded by a whistling throng of men and girls, on no single occasion was one of our party insulted, and these savages showed infinitely better breeding than, say, a crowd at a Royal Academy soirée, with a few Indian princes let loose among them. A central incident in the dance was a stately measure trod by the king's wives. These women, some sixteen in number, mostly enormously fat, but in one or two instances splendidly formed and of great stature, were clothed in a most extraordinary skirt, reaching all but to the knees of bright iron and copper wire, curiously interwoven into perpendicular strips, the white of the iron and the yellow of the copper showing up with a peculiarly artistic effect against the brown of their skins. This skirt hung from a broad belt of the same description; their bodies and limbs were bare except for another broad band of woven camel-hair below their breasts, a token of royalty, and the usual profusion of anklets, bangles and necklaces; on their heads they wore head-dresses at least fifteen inches high, of feathers of the lory, oriole and sacred sakabulu bird—also only permitted to royalty—and from their shoulders there swept down an eighteen inch wide strip of thin blue cloth, at least ten feet long, a waste of material that had a somewhat comical appearance in relation to the scantiness characterizing the rest of their attire.

The whole effect of the metallic skirt and ornaments, the feathers, and this train, or sacque, was undoubtedly remarkable. Each queen bore in her hand a long reed, with a graceful, featherly top, perhaps seven feet long in all, and the measure consisted of a promenade, or polonaise, in line, in

front of the ranks of warriors, in a slow kind of triple balancing step and swaying movement, not without a certain grace of its own. The childish solemnity and pride in their fine appearance, filling the whole group, were diverting in the extreme.

These people are, in a great sense, mere big children, and in the suddenness of their transitions from the most childish amusement and fun to utterly reckless passionateness, are in their callousness to pain almost akin to monkeys. Together with a friend of mine I witnessed two passages of a wild little drama with, unfortunately, a tragic ending, which formed a most complete example of this.

While the queens were dancing, a tall, handsome girl of some seventeen or eighteen years, who, from the lightness of her color and the conical brass beads on her waist belt, was evidently herself of the king's relations, pushed between us and ranged herself in line with the dancers. As she was dressed in the usual girl's apron, without the head-dress and other adornments of the rest, we recognized there was something wrong. The girl was pushed away by the wife nearest, and some half dozen wrinkled old women, with sjamboks similar to those of the male guards, came running up. One of them pulled her back, while the whole number shrieked and chattered at her. She protested, and was again struggling her way through them, when the first one raised the whip and brought it down on her shoulders with a report like a pistol shot. The girl screamed, turned round, and snatched a knobkerry from the hand of a warrior and aimed a furious blow at her assailant. This was a signal for a general assault, and, in less than a moment, there was before us a confused struggling group, now on the ground, now swaying and pushing here and there, hardly visible for dust and glare; the six women wielding their sjamboks without cessation, and the constantly raised and falling arm of the powerful girl showing that she was apparently using her kerry to some considerable purpose. The shrieks

and screams from the combatants and spectators would have outrivalled an exhibition of parrots. To have interfered would, in any case, have possibly jeopardized the safety of our whole party, ladies as well, but fortunately it proved unnecessary; the male guards interfered, drove off the women, and one of them led away the girl. She was led past us, passionately endeavoring to wrench her wrist from the grasp of her conductor, and return to the fray. Her back and limbs were simply one network of white wales from the cuts of the sjamboks, but though tears stood in her eyes, they were quite manifestly tears of rage and not of pain.

The sequel to the incident was more painful. When the dance was over, my friend and I strolled through the kraal. We were standing by the stockade around a hut, looking over at what seemed an uncommonly noisy discussion between two or three old women, and some half dozen superior looking men,—we discovered afterwards that one of the women was the one who first struck the girl, and one of the men, a brother of the king, and the girl's father,—when we were again pushed aside, and the girl appeared between us, with a stone the size of a man's head borne in her two hands. Before we could realize what she intended she had flung this at her old assailant, striking her full on the temple, and felling her to the ground. The girl clapped her hands, with a shout of delighted glee, and sped away like a deer, pursued by all the men at the hut. My friend, in a great state of excitement, exclaimed "My God! but she has killed the woman; why, by gad, she has killed the woman!" However, somewhat to our astonishment, the woman calmly got up, wiped the blood from a long gash on her forehead with a finger, and resumed her conversation with the other women. We heard a week after, that this girl also had been taken to the river at sunset and strangled, the woman she had injured having been a favorite of the king.

The whole course of the feast appeared to show these people in a kind

of nightmare light, as a race somewhat between animals and the controlled nature of the whites. Physically they are a splendid people. What they would prove intellectually under the spur of any forced exertion for existence it is impossible to guess. The whole cultivation of the mealies, and kaffir corn, that satisfy their modest wants, is left to the women, and the men appear to do nothing but loaf about and drill. The girls, to the age of twenty, are generally both well featured and well formed, and enjoy considerable liberty, even in the choice of husbands. After marriage their labor in the midday heat, in the fields, rapidly destroys every vestige

of charm they possess, and the older ones are simply shrivelled animals.

Any unchastity with fellow natives, or with whites, is punished by death, the sentence being carried out in a singularly ferocious manner, and in the presence of the entire assembly of women of the kraal the girl or woman may belong to. The punishment has rarely to be inflicted, and the race is noted for its chastity. They are, in fine, a people of considerable possibilities of development, and it is to be hoped that the English government will continue to protect them. Annexation by the Boer would simply mean their dispersal and practical destruction as a race.

THE WANING YEAR.

BY MADISON CAWEIN.

MIST-BOSOMED mother of the yellow woods!
O beautiful spirit of the solitudes!
Mantled with fog and girdled with the gloom
Of tawny twilights, giving sad perfume
To rainy uplands dim in sleepy mist,
And woodlands, dying with thy fire-kissed
Cold hands upon them, all the indolent day
Odorous of death and dreamy with decay.

I think of thee as seated 'mid the showers
Of drowsy leaves that cover up the flowers,—
The little flower-sisterhoods, whom June
Once gave frail beauty to, as to a tune
A singer gives her soul's wild melody,—
Watching the squirrel fill his granary.
Or, 'mid the orchards, I have painted thee,
Thy hair's profusion blown about thy back,
One lovely shoulder bathed with living black;
Upon thy palm one nestling cheek, and sweet
The rosy russets tumbled at thy feet.

Was it a bird lamenting of the flowers,
Or heartsick wind that sobbed of happier hours,
Or crickets dirging, that begot that sigh?
Or did the ghost of summer wander by?

THEIR INFAMOUS GRANDFATHERS.

BY ABBY M. GANNETT.

I.

IALWAYS make it a point in winter to come down Park street at sunset. There is no finer sight anywhere than that fiery red seen through the bare and interlacing boughs of the trees on the Common.

Who could be blind to it? Yet there's a young scion of an aristocratic family leaning against the *Ulmus*—a fig for those Latin names! I remember a newspaper witticism about us policemen fondly learning our Latin on Boston Common—there he is quite unmoved by the sunset.

Actually he has turned his back upon it, and is looking scornfully, cynically, at the people trudging past through the snow! Rough as I am, I would not lose one of the wonderful changes. For, see! The burning red is growing into orange deeper than those marigolds I brought to Olive, that she cried over. The orange is slowly changing into tints I cannot describe. And that blue above! Olive, could you see it! with those pale pink cloud-waves floating up and up—Oh, it maddens a man to think the only being he loves on earth is helplessly bound a prisoner, getting nothing of what she most craves except as he, in his rough words, can bring it to her!

That young man, who might take his fill of the glory, turns away with an indifference he would make you think virtuous. I believe Olive would willingly give up life if a few years of his health and opportunities were given her.

I will go a little nearer Young Aristocrat, for she will say, "Father, you must give me a figure for my sketch." Young Aristocrat is graceful enough for even her fancy. There! one of his kind has joined him. I'll saunter near and listen. Olive may shake her head,

but she listens to all my reports of conversations, just the same.

* * * * *

A couple of dolts! As I walk through Mt. Vernon street I'll recall every word of their talk, for Olive's sake.

"Rodney Bryton, as I live!" said he who joined Young Aristocrat.

"Brooke Bryton!"

They shook hands cordially.

"What brings you here? How goes the world with you? In luck?"

"No," said Young Aristocrat, "I've come on just for a change."

"Ah!" returned Brooke, "when I caught sight of you leaning nonchalantly against that Elm, I said to myself, 'pon my word, Rodney's painted a fifty thousand dollar landscape, and come on to Boston to enjoy same!'"

"Wish to heaven it were so! But I've given up expecting to do anything great. What's a man without money?"

"I echo your sentiments."

"Then you're still *delli poverelli*?"

"Vilely so."

"The doom of the Brytons. How is Louise?"

"Oh, she's well."

"Does she take kindly to your continued impecuniosity?"

"Louise is a fool!"

"Brooke Bryton!" exclaimed Rodney, raising his eyebrows.

"What I mean to state is, Louise is the best and dearest woman in the world; but so far as comprehending the advantages to be derived from money in general, and its absolute necessity to me in particular, she does so no more than a tadpole just hatched. That girl would live and die contented did we always remain poor; and she actually feels hurt because I'm not clown enough to be satisfied—not clownish in her, you understand, to be contented—women are different."

"Any children?"

"No, and never shall have. Louise feels it, though."



"I saw their great grandfathers."

"I shall never marry," said Rodney. "It's a species of slow suicide for a poor man. I am tortured sufficiently now through, what I might do and never can. Have you noticed the sunset?"

"Glorious enough to make a happy man feel like a saint."

"Yet, I turned my back upon it, and when you came up I was internally cursing my great grandfather for his injury upon his posterity."

"Oh, that state of mind is chronic with me. Wasn't it infamous? Only yesterday I was re-reading the records of the family. It made my blood boil. You and I were named for a couple of idiots, Rodney. To let their property slip out of their hands bit by bit, for no reason except their own stupidity! That property to-day—worth what it is—the most valuable land in Boston! Faugh! I stormed until Louise cried, but I haven't got over the heat of it yet. To think a man must slave at a petty mercantile business all his life because of the inane lack of foresight

in men that boys of sixteen possess in these days! I say, Rodney, there's no tribunal before which one may prosecute the departed? By Jove, I wish there were, I'd summon their spirits forth!"

"From Hades?"

"Ha, ha! I really hadn't plunged them any deeper than the Limbo."

"I suppose if they're in Hades there'd be no use of an earthly tribunal," said Rodney, dryly.

"Well, I'm courteous to keep you here in the snow," said Brooke. "Can't you come home with me? Louise will be delighted. She'll convince you that ours is a nest of comfort and clover."

"Thank you. No, I'm to dine at the Calumet Club. Was waiting for Edwin Brett. Ah, there he is."

"You'll come to us before you return."

"Certainly. My love to Louise. Say to her I've a bit of landscape for her clover nest. Goop bye."

So they parted, the two straight,

handsome fellows, capable of filling a big niche in the world, as Olive would say. Now, they skulk along under the false belief they are hampered by poverty. Olive would tell them that even illness isn't wholly a fetter. Brave girl!

For her sake I thank them for this leaf out of their lives. Suppose they didn't see me; or if they did, I held about the same place in their thoughts as the *Lilia Europaea*.

II.

Talk of Boston's novelties! I've rubbed my eyes again and again to be sure of not dreaming. It's all true.

Jim Downs was knocked up at the last moment, and sent for me to go on his night beat. Olive showers her pity thick and fast on the Downses, and she said I must go. She would not be afraid. I went. Watched at midnight a weird moonlight scene from the common. The moon was setting—a dull, red globe, enlarged, and hanging in the misty air like a portent. Olive should have seen the effect so strangely supernatural behind the network of branches. I was very near the place where those young men talked—and, by the way, how Olive did enjoy my account of them, and what a pretty lecture she gave their absent majesties!

Suddenly I heard voices. I had not been asleep. They were real. Let us hear no more of spiritual manifestations, psychical societies, mind reading, and other clap-trap. The wonders are in your very midst, Bostonians.

In the place where Rodney and Brooke Bryton stood I saw their great-grandfathers—cocked hats, curled and powdered wigs, blue coats, ruffled fronts, knee breeches, buckled low shoes—the Colonial costume complete. A little more stately in bearing than their posterity; but as active, and, look you, every whit as declamatory. I wondered why they appeared so youthful, but learned afterwards. Their features were so similar, had the young men been dressed in the same style I

could not have told them apart. They met each other in the same spirited way, shaking hands as cordially.

"Do I indeed behold Rodney Bryton?" said one.

"Brooke Bryton, verily;" returned the other.

"And we are indebted to our great-grandchildren for the pleasure of this unexpected meeting."

"In truth we are so."

"Think you they would have set free the train of effects now about to take place had they known the law of our world, that when two descendants meet by chance in a place, once the favorite resort of their predecessors, and certain wishes—but wherefore dwell upon the matter? The deed is done!"

"Was that not a strange arraignment of us, worthy brother?"

"Truly. It appears that reverence and respect for the past are not accounted virtues in their modern and discordant Boston."

"Verily one would think not."

"Ingratitude, more strong than traitor bands'—you perceive I have not forgotten my Shakespeare, Brother Rodney," said Brooke, with a theatrical flourish of his ruffled hand.

"Doth it not behoove them to remember that, if we did not leave them property, we left them something of far greater worth and advantage?"

"An honored, most honored name."

"Not to speak of excellent physical parts and a noble carriage. Wilt thou walk apart a few steps, Brother Brooke, that my heart may be cheered by a sight of a Bryton of the old school taking his airing?"

Upon this Brooke lifted his head, set his shoulders squarely, and marched away. What was my horror to see him go plump up to the *Ulmus*, quite as if blind to it. I was about to cry, 'Hullo, there?' and fully expected to see the poor gentleman turn about with a bruised face and hat lying on the snow, when my amazement was completed by beholding him disappear right through the tree and walk calmly away beyond it. He shortly returned, and through the tree again.

"A figure and gait full worthy of



Drawing by J. H. Vanderpoel.

"But I shall have a perfect likeness of him."

bestowing upon posterity," said Rodney, "but it takes clothes to set them off. Brooke, it takes clothes! Thinkest thou one could produce such an effect in the garments of a *dude*? A strange name, that, for our lips!

"Dost it not seem a pity that our great-grandchildren cannot know that the clothes in which they act out their best selves they render immortal?"

"Imagine the present Brooke and Rodney being rehabilitated a hundred years after death through some similar act of their posterity, and parading in tight trousers, frock coats, tile hats and —— boots!"

The prospect was apparently so unpleasing that each made an exhibit of himself before the other to afford an aesthetic solace. In these manoeuvres the miracle of walking through the tree was repeated.

"We bestowed upon our descendants excellent mental ability, likewise," remarked Brooke, when they were once more at rest, and had brushed what I judged might be fine particles of wood dust from their sleeves. Their handkerchiefs were as fine as cobwebs.

"Excellent, indeed!" repeated Rodney. "And my artistic temperament hath budded into genius in my namesake."

"Truly, he hath the makings of the greatest of the Brytons; I feel no envy although I was known as a superior orator in my day," and Brooke gave another graceful flourish of the hand.

"We bequeathed, also, that indefinable courtesy that maketh the conquest of the fair sex easy," remarked Rodney.

"The place whereon we stand, a sylvan spot in our day, beheld the enactment of many a love scene. We both were favorites with the beauties of our fair town."

"But we were true, Brooke, we were true, despite these gallantries, and our wives were happy."

"Even so. This young Brooke's wife might be of the happiest were he not so riches-mad."

"We are to see that she becomes so,

and that this unwise Rodney when he hath made a true marriage to his art, makes another with some gentle lady."

Here, again, I was struck with consternation. Three or four men, on their late homeward way, approached the place where the Bryton worthies stood. The men were talking in jolly fashion, but the courtly Brytons moved not one inch, and I saw the men walk straight through them and go on as if nothing had happened.

"We have given them a rich inheritance in everything but material wealth," said Brooke. "They should acquit themselves like men, and carve out careers worthy their inheritance."

"It beseemeth them to remember that they will also be grandfathers," observed Rodney.

Then these two white-wigged gentlemen put their heads together and whispered, laughing.

"We'll see to it," they repeated in unison.

Then, can I believe it? Rodney pointed at me.

"Hush!" said the other. "He may not be sleeping. We must yield to this extent to fate, and hope. He hath not an uncomely countenance, and ——"

The rest of his speech I lost, although I strained my hearing to its utmost.

"Before we part," said Brooke, "let us view each other again. Shall we not forever be grateful to ourselves for having been noble in youth? We knew not the law of this realm that with noble actions immortality begins, and we might have brought decrepit forms away instead of strong and supple ones."

Each paced forward in stately fashion before the other, and then in a twinkling disappeared from my sight.

Here I have been standing like a moon-struck idiot ever since, wondering if the sight were real or a creation of my own imagination. What project can they be concocting towards their descendants? Can it be that I am included? Ridiculous!

When I repeat this to Olive her busy brain will team with fancies.



Drawn by J. H. Vanderpool.

"I saw not far away a most remarkable figure."

So we make immortal even the clothes we wear? If it be, as they said, those we are truest in, I shall parade in the next world in army blue. A private's. Yet I shall be all the prouder of that. I can feel the fires of patriotism in my bosom yet. I loved my country. I gave up much for her sake. I suffered two years in prison and the hospital. Some might say a father's devotion to his daughter is nobler, but I say, no. That is involuntary. Army blue in the next world for me, then! I still suffer for the cause. When I came home to find an invalid wife and little daughter, I had to turn to the first work that came to me. In this crowded Boston there is not much chance for a half educated man with pressing cares. [Our wedding day was hastened, Alice, by that war.] I was to have gone to Harvard. Should have come forth a clergyman like my father before me. Now I am a policeman. All this for you, O Goddess of Liberty!

Well, I'm content while I can work for Olive. Her soft blue dress immortal! I am glad of that. The thought of an angel in white always made me shiver. Fine fancies these for a rough fellow like me!

III.

A policeman's life is full of strange happenings, but this seems strangest of all.

After leaving Park street last night, I thought I would go round by the Calumet Club. Three squares from there I came upon a disturbance. Two men were trying to control a man who at first seemed wildly intoxicated. Coming up I saw it to be Rodney Bryton.

"I will take charge of him," said I. I boast that not a man of the force is stronger than I, yet my grasp upon his shoulder was not a grip, and still he became immediately as mild as an infant.

"I'll take him where he belongs," said I. We walked off together.

"Whereshall we go?" I asked of him.

He made no reply. I plied him with questions, yet he paid no more heed than one totally deaf.

"This wont do," said I, stopping short.

He stopped. There was a vacancy in his eye such as I had seen in sleep-walkers. He hadn't staggered in his gait, and I had known as soon as I recognized him that he was not under the influence of liquor. A sudden thought struck me.

"If you don't tell me where to go," I said, "I shall be obliged to take you to my home."

No reply. I turned in that direction, and he followed me as docile as Olive when she was three years old.

How startled she was when I brought him in! Up, and dressed, as I supposed she would be and what a picture she made in the fire-light,—blue dress, tress on tress of folded yellow hair, eyes like diamonds gleaming through mist.

"Put me in the chair, father, and give him my sofa. Who is he?" For she saw he heard and saw nothing.

I induced him by gentle movements to lie upon the sofa, and presently he closed his eyes. I briefly told Olive what had happened—leaving the story of the grandfathers till morning—and when she heard it was Rodney Bryton, she laughed softly.

"Why, I couldn't sleep for thinking of the picture I would like to paint of him. Wonderful! Is it not wonderful, father?"

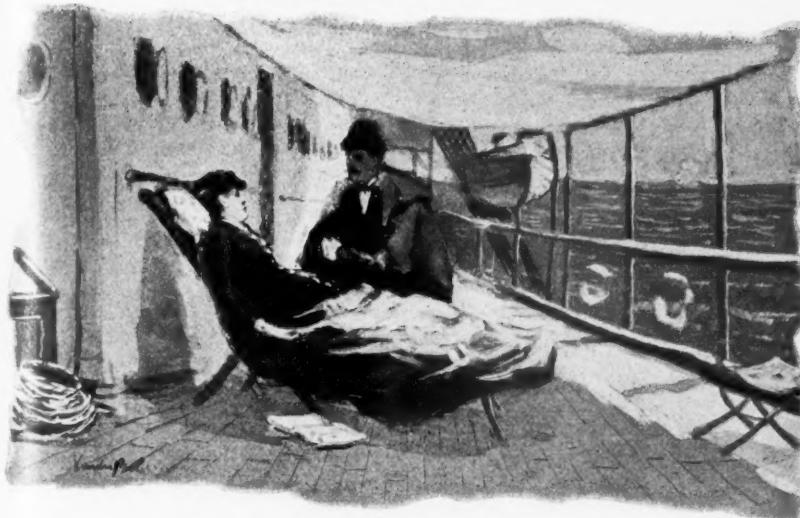
"How am I to return to my rounds?" I asked.

"You should have thought of that before bringing him," was her merry answer.

"I think Mrs. Downs will come up," I said. "James is not so bad but that she can leave him."

"He is my model for a while, at least," laughed Olive.

So I brought her canvas and crayon, and then went to speak to Mrs. Downs. I explained that I had found a young man walking in his sleep; and as I knew not where to take him, was obliged to bring him home, especially as I was not able to awaken him. She



"Our children will come within its scope."

consented to sit with him, although I told her it would be morning before he was likely to awaken. My greatest security, though I did not tell them this, was the belief that he was under the influence of his great-grandfather!

I went away, leaving Olive with her canvas and crayon, a crimson spot like a rose on her cheek. It always comes there when she sees something she will paint. If only I could afford the sea shore or the mountain, it might always stay there. But she is only nineteen, and that may yet be. To give her a nice home has been my main effort since paying the debts brought through her mother's long illness. It must be cheery, since she has always to be indoors. I fancy if young Bryton should awaken—or, rather, his grandfather—Heaven send he may not!—he would not imagine himself in any common home.

I confess I was relieved when I returned an hour after daylight and found the young man in the same condition as when I left him.

When I had had a cup of coffee, and had given Olive her bowl of wheat gruel—who says housekeeping is beneath men?—I sat down and related

the events of the evening. How Olive laughed!

"Blessed old grandfathers!—no, not old; you say they were young men. Their immortality began with their youth, because then they were truest. How curious. But I do not see why they did not manifest themselves to the young men who need their advice so much."

"Who can explain the laws of the world they live in?" I replied.

"Do you suppose," said Olive, slowly, "it was through their influence he became last night a sleep-walker?"

"I was conjecturing that."

We both turned to look at the sleeper. To our utter astonishment he had vanished!

I hastened to the door and it was slightly ajar. Going into the lower hall I saw the outer door partly open. I ran outside, but could see no one on the street. I burst into the adjoining room—we are neighborly in these suites of the big apartment hotel, and sometimes do not stand upon ceremony. Mrs. Downs was getting breakfast. She said she had not heard a sound.

Olive was as disappointed as I. "But I shall have a perfect likeness

of him," she said, pointing to the canvas which she had been busily painting since daylight.

I left her looking very contented as she sat before her easel. I have been in a restless mood all day. I wish I knew where Rodney Bryton was stopping. When one has been favored with the sight of apparitions, under such circumstances as I was, he naturally desires to know what is to come of it.

IV.

When a week had passed my mind was still occupied with what had happened. Then something new took place. I was opposite Park Street Church, not far from that rendezvous of the shades, as Olive calls it, when I heard a cry of women, "Killed! He's killed!" I pressed through the crowd and saw Brooke Bryton lying senseless in the street, struck by a passing vehicle. I, too, thought he was dead.

Lucky that I have had the benefit of those Emergency Lectures, or matters might have been worse than they were. I sent to the nearest druggist's, and he was brought to consciousness. His leg was broken. I superintended his removal to his home in Cambridge. That was a scene in the cottage on Dana street.

If one ever sees a human angel—all the kind I believe in, for those ancestors of theirs appear to be anything but angels, and I have my private opinion about this accident—it is a woman when she finds something has happened to the husband she loves.

When we brought him in Louise Bryton turned as pale as death. She did not speak, she simply took his hand and bent over him. Then what courage, love and pity came into her face. A man had been dead who did not revive as he did.

"It's all right; I can put up with it, Louise," said Brooke.

She flew to make ready his room and bed—the slight, frail-looking thing, not half the size of my Olive. My

helpless Olive! Soon she came back, not a tear in her steady gray eyes. She seemed to do everything, and she had the slenderest hands I ever saw. When he was fixed in bed I think she quite forgot I was in the room. She bent over him with words it is a sacrifice for a rough man like me to recall even in thought. What happened after this I have not yet told Olive, nor do I know just how to break it to her.

Louise Bryton followed me down stairs as I was going away. She drew me into a little side room, catching my hard palm in her wisp of a hand.

"I thank you so much! You have been so kind. But, oh, you know, and the surgeon would not say—is he seriously injured? Will he be crippled?"

I told her the truth, as I should want anyone to tell Olive, she pleading in that way. I said it was a serious injury and it might deform him. But I had known worse cases that ended in perfect recovery. She did not give way, only pressed my hand. I often ask myself, what is the strength of women? And where is it stored? Olive has it, but I pray it may never be called into use.

I turned to go, and then I saw that picture. It was on an easel near the window and not quite finished. But it was Olive's face, her yellow hair, her smile, her brown eyes, even her blue dress.

Of course I stared, and Louise said eagerly, "You know her? Tell me, who is she?"

"It is quite a pretty face," I stammered.

"Oh, I thought you seemed to recognize it," she said in a disappointed tone.

Her glance seemed to go to the bottom of my heart. She must have returned to her first impression.

"I will be frank with you," she said. "I am not afraid of trusting you, and I wish you would have the same faith in me. My husband's brother is painting that picture, and he is not sure whether he saw that lady once or she is a figment of his dream."

It haunts him continually. We would all give much to know if this is the portrait of a real lady."

I said confusedly I was sorry I could not gratify her. I felt the hypocrite I was, but would not speak. I was going, but she detained me a moment longer to urge me to call again to learn how her husband was getting on.

Her words, "a real lady," were spoken by chance, I know, but they touched me. Would they call my Olive a lady? Whether they would or would not, there are reasons why I do not wish Rodney Bryton to know about her. I should feel the same were Olive plain, without talent, uneducated [with your love of books no young girl has the advantage of you in knowledge, my dear.] and were her father something more common than one of the city police. A father's a father and he wants no slight shown his child. Especially is this the case when he has only one child and she is all he has in the world.

I want to call and learn how Brooke Bryton is doing. It would be strange not to do so after Louise's cordiality. But I cannot make up my mind to go at present. When I took Rodney Bryton to my home that evening, I forgot my Olive was a woman. Now he wants to know her. He shall not. The wonder of it all is how could he, in that somnambulistic state, have received the strong impression of her? Is it a part of that weird night's work? In the broad light of day, the whole thing seems visionary and unwarranted. There's his picture of her, though, and she has his portrait nearly done, her very best work. It is like an Arabian Nights' story.

One thing assures me. If there are ghosts of long past generations operating in our affairs of to-day, there are yet no genii to spirit maidens away.

Olive thinks Rodney Bryton has returned west. What would she say if she knew he were painting her portrait and dreaming of her in a studio in Cambridge? It looks as if he had taken up his quarters there for good. Do the machinations of those grand-

fathers include Olive? "Infamous" is hardly a strong enough term for them. I must have my wits about me.

V.

An hour before midnight, and I, like a true believer in ghosts, pace up and down Park street, awaiting another sight of what was certainly a creation of my own imagination. Cold enough to drive away even incorporeal spirits. How the snow crunches! Downs thought I came to befriend him, but curiosity was my goad.

It is wonderful what has happened to Olive. But am I going to let it go on—their doings? Whose can it be if not theirs? Come forth, gentlemen of the cocked hats and cobweb handkerchiefs, and let me learn! Did my interview with Rodney Bryton warrant me to believe it? I have recalled it a dozen times and am still undecided.

I meant to let a longer time pass before going to inquire for Brooke but Olive would not allow me. It had been snowing all night and the marshes by the Charles looked as if a great downy-breasted bird were brooding over them. How pretty their little cottage looked with its peaked roof, gable windows and knobbed fence posts capped with snow! In the hall I came face to face with Rodney Bryton. He looked at me curiously; a servant showed me up-stairs. I found Brooke doing very well, Louise happy. She thanked me again, and said she was so glad I called. As I was going she took me aside and asked me to forget what she had said about the picture.

"My brother has not finished it and he talks no more about it," she said.

It was some relief to me; but as I was going, Rodney, who evidently had been waiting for me, asked me into the studio.

"Where have I seen you?" he demanded.

"At the door as I came in," I answered, as I thought, facetiously.

"I am sure I saw you one evening recently. Where was it?"

"As to that you should be able to tell as well as I."

"Your evasion makes me surer. Who is that?" he asked pointing to the picture.

"It looks like some pretty girl painted by a bungling artist. I hope it is not your work." It was a rude answer but I felt irritated.

"It is my work, and whether bungling or not, you know whose face it is."

"Well, really, if you have painted some one you do not know, you must excuse me for not helping you out of the difficulty. I must ask to be allowed to go now. A policeman's time is not his own."

"Policeman!" He drew back as if he had been struck. I had not worn my uniform. He made no further effort to detain me. I did not recover my usual feelings until I came home.

Then I found Olive in a state of unusual excitement.

"Father, how did you hear of him? Will he truly help me?"

"What do you mean?"

"The physician. I think I shall have faith in him."

"What are you talking of?"

"Did you not send him? He asked me how long I had been helpless, and when I said four years he did not shake his head and look grave as the others have done, but said I must *believe*. Why, of course I will! You know other doctors have insisted that spinal diseases like mine are nearly always incurable. But he said *believe* that I could be cured! Can that be all that is necessary? Even while he sat here talking I felt as if strength was given me, and it lasted after he was gone. And once in a while, father, there comes over me the impulse to rise up and walk."

From what she said further I judged that one of those "mind cure" doctors had visited her. Who sent him? Their cures are talked of enough, but I have always scouted them. I must confess, though, that it cheered me to hear Olive talk of having faith.

I left her still thinking I had sent the man. What else could I do, for I

could not free my mind from the thought of the grandfathers.

I tried to be at home when the doctor's visits were made, but I always missed them.

At the end of a week Olive actually got up and stood by her chair. My heart hardly beat.

"Father!" said she, "I shall be cured."

The tears were rolling down her cheeks; she was laughing, too. She sat down trembling.

The visits have ceased, but she has followed the doctor's directions, and now walks about the room. She says she will soon be able to go upon the street. Already she is planning what she can paint, and the foreign trip which she thinks she can earn enough to accomplish. It is odd, but the only sketches of hers I ever offered for sale were purchased to-day. I shall never forget how she looked when I put in her hands her first earnings.

Midnight has struck, and no sign of the grandfathers. How is this matter ever to be cleared up?

VI.

You do well, old Common, to blossom out so full of dandelions. This May, everything here ought to do its best. The miraculous season should seem more miraculous than ever now.

Here I lean against the new-budding *Ulmus* and wonder if it be I. It is as when I put on citizen's dress after doffing army blue. Dangers, privations, uncertainties, were put aside then, and much is likewise put off with this other uniform. I am in the plain garb of a man once more! Not that I felt as some feel, about my occupation. I tried to do my duty and honor it, whether my occupation honored me or no. Old *Ulmus*, and you *Filia Europaea*, will you not witness again the sight of those worthies showing each other their stately paces at the weird hour of moonlight? Has the law of their re-appearance been fully obeyed, no new event to set it in force again? It was a marvelous sight, and though

I go to see the wonders of the old world, I shall see nothing to compare with this. Now that I am probably taking my last look at the Common, I cannot but recall what followed in the train of that first happening.

Olive was soon able to walk upon the street as she had foretold. We were still ignorant of who sent the mind-cure physician. He had not given his name, and I finally told her it was none of my doings.

She asked me to take her portrait of Rodney Bryton to the art gallery. Several of her pictures had already been shown there and sold. She was not afraid of its recognition because it was painted in the costume of his great-grandfather. That fancy had taken possession of her.

"Is it not beautiful?" she would say. "Now if I were as ready to believe that his great-grandfather revisits the earth as you are, father, I should not dare exhibit it. But of the real young man I have no fear since he does not wear a powdered wig and ruffled shirt. Besides he must be west now."

I shook my head, "You do not know that."

"O father, I remember perfectly, your saying that he mentioned a short visit to his cousin. And the portrait may do much for me."

I could not resist her persuasions, and promised to at least show the portrait to the proprietor of the gallery. He was so pleased with it that he insisted upon exhibiting it. As Olive's name had not accompanied her pictures I finally yielded.

The portrait became the talk of the town. Crowds flocked to see it. Was it a true or ideal picture? they asked. Who painted it? The mystery surrounding it led to greater popularity, and I was in continual fear of the Brytons.

Olive only laughed at me. "Brooke cannot come out for weeks," she said, "and by that time the furor will be over." It seems the wily girl had thought of contingencies.

A great demand arose for Olive's pictures. She painted constantly. She

began to lay by sums towards going abroad. How happy she was! The portrait was still talked of. It was no wonder people liked it for it had all the fascination of the great-grandfather as I saw him on that evening of wonder. I had many a joke with my girl on being indebted to a ghost for the charm of her work. She wanted to go and see the picture with its admirers standing about it, but I advised her not to, fearing the excitement.

One day I came home earlier than usual and found her out. I asked Mrs. Downs if she had left any word.

"Why are you uneasy, Mr. Fletcher?" Mrs. Downs asked. "Olive seems quite well since the mind-cure physician came."

Something in her look made me suspect they sent him. I would not ask. But I remembered they once had a woman to visit their sick child, and had much to say about its remarkable recovery. Still, if they sent him why not tell? Could they afford it? I do believe my mind was so in the way of laying everything to the grandfathers, I allowed myself to think it their work rather than learn the practical solution.

I was still awaiting Olive when a telegram was given me:

"Come to Dana street immediately."

Was there bad news of Brooke? If Olive were only home, I thought, as I looked at my watch. Yet I could return before dark. I made all haste. Luckily there was no delay of horse-cars. When the door opened on Dana street there stood Olive. You could have thrown me down with something less sizable than a billy.

"Come, father!" She pulled me into the studio and explained how she came there.

"I had gone out for a walk, and as I turned on to Boylston street I was wishing I could go to the studio, when I saw not far away before me a most remarkable figure. It was a stately gentleman in an old-fashioned cloak and hat, and I plainly saw he wore powdered curls. I hastened to come nearer him, thinking of your strange vision, when he began to walk faster, too. I hardly thought what I was

doing as I hurried along I was so eager to come nearer him.

"He had gone as far down Boylston street as the studio, when he stopped, looked up at the signs a moment, and then went in. I give you my word, father, I had not a thought of my picture, or your wish for me not to go there, when I went in after that stately old-fashioned gentleman. I caught sight of his cloak as it disappeared round the angle of the stairway, but that was the last I saw of him, for when I came into the studio he was absolutely nowhere to be seen. There were many people standing about my picture and talking, and whether it was from the excitement of seeing them or my haste, but I certainly began to feel faint as you had feared. A lady near me noticed it and kindly offered to lead me into the open air, and she proved to be Louise Bryton!"

Olive went on to tell how Louise begged her to drive with her to Cambridge, and, having lured her there would take no refusal from Olive to stay over night.

"Your father did a great kindness for me," Louise had argued, "and I want to care for you in my own house for a little while. Please do not say no. I have so wanted to see you!"

"So I was just obliged to stay, father," laughed Olive.

It was the first time Louise had been out since her husband's accident. She had gone to see the portrait because a friend had said it resembled her husband.

"She says it was intended she should meet me," Olive went on, "and just see here, father! That is her brother-in-law's work, Rodney Bryton's! He cannot remember where he had seen me. Of course I could not tell Mrs. Bryton! He is not here now, but will return in a day or two. I am afraid you were right about the portrait, and I tremble to think of his seeing it. It's more like a fairy story than anything else—taking this, my being here, the old-fashioned gentleman, and all."

"I should say so!" I answered, and

was proceeding to impress upon Olive that she must return home with me, when Louise entered.

She rallied me so prettily on keeping my daughter from the envious gaze of the world, as she expressed it, and then hurried me so quickly upstairs to see Brooke, that I scarcely had a chance to speak. She flattered us with all sorts of pretty speeches, brought me a cup of tea with her own hands, and, finally, before I realized it, sent me away without Olive. Next day Louise brought Olive home, and from that time the intimacy between them has grown and they are almost like sisters. I once suggested that it was strange they should forget she was a policeman's daughter.

"I cannot say how it was, father, that I mentioned your father was a clergyman," said Olive, "but Louise remarked that honorable birth dignified every occupation."

"I hardly think Rodney Bryton believes that."

I saw Olive blush. She had met Rodney then several times.

"I rather think," she said slowly, "he doesn't mind about birth."

"That shows how little you realize what is inherited from great-grandfathers."

I longed to keep Olive from these people, but when I saw how happy she was, I felt powerless. I was with her and Rodney when they visited the gallery together. He asked her to go with him, and she told me with a little laugh that if she refused he would think stranger than ever of the portrait.

"It is exactly like my portrait of my great-grandfather," Rodney said, "and it is surprising how you could have done it."

"But you see I had heard of him," said Olive demurely.

"How? Where?"

"You must tell me first how you could make so correct a portrait of me when you can give no account of having seen me."

"A singular mystery," said he, "I sometimes believe, Miss Fletcher, you could unriddle it all if you wished."

Olive's cheek flushed, but she said nothing. She and I had decided that the illusion, or whatever it was, would scarcely bear repeating, especially to the Brytons.

Some weeks after this we were crossing the Common. I was slowly sauntering behind the two when I noticed a gentleman stop and speak cordially to Olive. I hastened to join them and learned it was the mind-cure doctor.

"You are satisfied with the effect our science has had upon your friend?" he said, bowing to Rodney.

"I? Satisfied?" repeated Rodney in some confusion.

"I cannot be mistaken in taking you for the gentleman who sent me to her?"

"Sent you to her?"

"It was rather dark that evening, but I never forget a face. I remember thinking you must belong to the theatrical profession, for I got a glimpse of the powdered wig under your cap and of the knee breeches when the wind blew back your cloak."

"What can this gentleman mean?" Rodney asked, in the greatest astonishment, turning to Olive.

She appealed to me by a look.

"You must be laboring under a great mistake," I said. "He has known my daughter only since her recovery."

"Then he resembles some one more closely than ever man did before."

"I am glad I have met you," I said. "You neglected to leave the amount of your bill, and it would be agreeable to me——"

"That is all right, all right," he answered hastily, and before a word of remonstrance could be said he had gone.

"Well!" I exclaimed, "it is not exactly agreeable to be beholden to some mysterious personage in this way."

"Powdered wig, knee breeches," said Rodney, "it makes me think of your remarkable portrait, Miss Fletcher. I wish you could or would speak—— But I beg your pardon," he added quickly, noticing the expression on Olive's face. He changed the subject.

That night Olive and I had a long

talk, but we could come to no conclusion, it appeared useless to seek an explanation from the doctor, could we find him. Olive said she could not tell Rodney because it seemed such a moonshiny thing to try to put into words.

As time went on and she saw more of him I knew what was coming. It was too late for me to draw back. So I was not surprised when, one evening in the twilight, she told me that he had asked her to be his wife.

"Well," I said, as she paused there, "You do not tell me what was your answer?"

"Father, you know my answer."

For a moment I felt that I had forever lost my girl. Then, throwing her arms around me, she told me the plans they had made, and they included me! Rodney had of late been very successful with his paintings. The picture he most valued he had sold for a number of thousand dollars.

"We are to go abroad, father, and you with us. Think of it! He is so happy in his work and now says he is glad he is poor, for he needs the impetus. All has come out fortunate for Brooke, too. His firm has decided to send him abroad on business for a year. Louise is so glad. We shall all go together."

"Has he spoken again of the mystery of the pictures?"

"No. Is it not a beautiful reserve? But I wish we could understand, and be able to speak rationally of it. Not that it would make me any happier."

The more I thought of my bringing Rodney home that night, the fact impressed itself upon me that he was really a sleep-walker. Not having the "beautiful reserve" Olive praised in him, I resolved to learn if it were true. He had a habit of joining me now and then on Park street, and we would walk down Beacon street together. I once brought up the matter of inheritances. I spoke of sleep-walking.

"By the way," I asked, "was there ever a sleep-walker in your family?"

I looked him squarely in the eyes. He did not wince.

"Why, no," he answered, "I never heard of one."

"Why I ask," I went on, "is that, once on my beat, I found at midnight a man in a trance-like state, who bore the greatest resemblance to yourself. I took him some distance, he walking as naturally as you are at this moment, and put him under charge, intending he should be watched until he returned to his normal state. But in an unguarded moment he slipped away, probably still in a trance."

"Why, that's interesting. It could not have been a relative, for we have none answering to your description here. That's quite a story. Have you ever seen the man since?"

The question was so unexpected I had to make an effort not to seem disconcerted.

"I tried to find him."

"Somnambulism is a trait the Brytons are not troubled with, and I am glad, for it's a nasty thing."

Happening in at the Downs that evening, I noticed Mrs. Downs folding up an old colonial costume, the principal garment of which was a long cloak. It fairly took me off my feet.

"Where did that come from?" I asked.

"The costumer's. Didn't you know James belonged to an amateur theatrical company? He has acted the part of George Washington several times this winter."

And I did not then ask another question, not even if they sent that mind-cure physician.

Is Park street church clock striking? On my word it is, and what if her father should be late to the wedding?

VII.

Ten minutes of midnight, and here am I again haunting the Common as if I were a very ghost myself. Is it because to-morrow I shall be on the ocean, and this is my last chance to see the mysterious spectacle should it again appear? Or is it because I could not sleep, missing for the first time my dear Olive?

How beautiful she was! Trinity Church was filled with the élite of the

city, as the papers say. There were flowers and music, and the marriage ceremony never seemed so impressive. Yet, really, I cared little for it all. What made me proud was his noble looks and manly bearing and his evident joy in her. Olive will be happy. I would those ancient grandfathers—

Hush! what is that? I see no one, yet certainly there are voices. Let me listen and lose not one of those weird tones:

"Truly, Brother Rodney, I expected not to meet thee again below."

"It is indeed the last time, Brother Brooke, for as I wist, should a law again be set in operation touching the intermingling forces of the two worlds, our children would come within its scope, not ourselves."

"Art thou satisfied with the result of what we planned?"

"Aye, greatly. She is a rare being, and though fate had somewhat to do with our choice—art cognizant of the fact that her father still haunts this spot? Behold him half asleep against yonder linden—yet we might have sought far and wide for one who would have so well satisfied the nature of my descendant, Rodney. She, with our occult influences, has helped to turn the currents of his existence into nobler channels of action, and I wot well he will be an illustrious scion of our illustrious race. As touching her pedigree, let me remind you of a truth one of their modern poets has sung:

"The stream is brightest at its fount."

"Verily, then, it is well that we have revisited 'the glimpses of the moon.' My descendant Brooke is filled with new purposes, though it took the physical cause that my spirit sorely shrank from producing. But as regards ourselves, Brother Rodney. Can't say this return to earth has awakened the old love for it? Now that we depart forever, art thou—"

"Yes!"

Strain my sense of hearing as I would, I was unable to catch the last words of the faintly dying question. I shall never know if their spirits were glad or sorry to go.

All is perfect silence now. In deep thought I betake myself homeward.

A RUN BY MOONLIGHT.

BY JAMES GRAHAM.

My gallant hounds in humor prime,
When fallow fields are white with rime,
I greet as glows the morning star,
Ere laughing Phœbus mounts his car,
To light the waking world betime.

I leave the urban din and grime,
My "friends" to greet in hunting time—
Fit comrades they for King or Czar—
My gallant hounds !

No strain of Orpheus' lute sublime
May celebrate their chorused chime,
When all their deep-toned throats unbar,
My horn to welcome from afar,
As up the laurel brakes I climb,—
My gallant hounds !

It was late one glorious afternoon, in the month of October, right in the heart of the Cumberlands, in Tennessee, that I mounted my horse and gave a few blasts on my horn, which brought deep-bayed responses from my dogs. There were Racket, Remus, Lad, Page, Bee, Bess, Lize, May, Miss and Maid—ten in all, and every one a thoroughbred, staunch and true.

As I leave the house, about half of the crimson disc of the sun is showing just above the horizon. Looking up the mountain-side at the dense growth, I see melancholy signs of the departed summer in the soft intermingled browns and grays of the foliage. The bridle-path, leading to the heights is already thinly carpeted with fallen leaves. Just over my head I catch occasional glimpses of bright brown, scarlet and topaz, the jewel color predominating in the leafage of the beeches, while the hardier oaks show a deeper green—almost black in density—the scarlet lighting up the chestnuts and laurels, forming dazzling mosaics of varied and exquisite tints. On either side of the narrow wooded way there are lichen-embroidered boulders, half buried in lush beds of delicate ferns. The red pompons of the tall sumac, flush among the younger growth of ash and hickory. Vines, trailing, twisted, coiled and

braided fantastically, against the dark back-ground form intricate-patterned arabesques. The air is crisp and cool and laden with spice-like odors.

I was anxious to reach Tip-Top by twilight and there thread the thickets with a hope of locating the quarry, then spend the night with a friend, living near by, and put in the next morning in the chase, the objective point being the big pine thicket on Milksick Mountain, for there, if a scent was not found earlier, we hoped to rouse elusive Reynard.

I did not reach Tip-Top as early as I had intended, for at a spot just below Sandy Flat, and a short distance to the left of the road, Remus startled me by giving tongue; at once all the other dogs run to him, several of them joining their voices; but I am not so confident, fearing that a lately vacated rabbit form may be responsible for the outcry. I wait patiently, therefore, for the melodious baritone of my trusty old Bee, and I do not remain long in suspense to hear her welcome music. Then the treble yelping of the nervous youngsters of the pack assist in the effort of making night tuneful to a hunter's ears. I move up to where the hounds are scurrying back and forth in a frenzy of excitement, and find them apparently bewildered and scattered along the crest of Hazel-head, some baying to my right, some yelping to my left, and indeed all around me, not one seeming to have confidence enough to show the way. But soon Bess, the wide ranger that she is, unbars her jaws, and with a prolonged, full-throated cry that fills the autumn night with melody, strikes the scent a hundred yards further on. Now the whole pack follow after, all mingling their cries and feverishly eager.

The running is superb for several minutes, but again they scatter, confused for a bit, when I hear Lize's so-

prano away off in a corner of the cove behind me, and I hasten to her, followed by the puzzled brutes. Ah! again I hear Bee seemingly at the very point of the trail we have just left, so we turn and join her helter-skelter. Away she speeds till the track leads us a tedious way to a hollow between two mountain spurs and across it, then far up the mountain side. I fear that Bee is back-trailing, for we move in eccentric circles until we are almost at the point where Bee first gave tongue, when I hear the querulous tones of old Racket, as he starts back in a mad rush down the mountain brake, baying at every bound. Again we race, full tilt, and I know we have the fox well out, up and on the go, and "the cares that infest the day" are behind me, lost in the shadows of the sombre woods.

Settling myself in the saddle and giving my horse the rein, I voice the "view halloo" like one possessed. In a jiffy the dogs are in the bottom of the hollow, and the coves and crags are reverberating with their noise, and babel reigns supreme; for what was harmony but a moment ago is now discord, wild, jarring and tuneless, as the hounds all come together at a break in the trail and tumble over each other pell-mell. But only for a moment are they checked, for there is Lize's shrill tongue once more waking the echoes, and the others, taking the cue, join her. On, on they go down the bottom like the wind, in the direction of the Deerlick Run, and I plunge the rowels of my spurs mercilessly into the flanks of my heated and quaking horse, and make straight away for the ridge on the old tanbark road, to head them off if possible. When I reach the ridge I hear them still, far down near the end of the long hollow; but they are not in full cry, and I know the wily fox has led them a difficult run, and I fear he has given them the slip by tortuous windings. Everything grows still, and after what seems an interminable time, I wonder what has become of the pack and all my senses are intensely alert. What is that? *Tip, tip, tip* on the leafy pathway just beyond me in the laurels.

I lean low in my saddle and peer cautiously through the trees. There, coming right for me, as he passes a shaft of light from the moon as it strikes through the thick foliage, is Brer Fox, still guarding his "brush" jealously, despite my good dogs. I get only a glimpse of him, for the sly fellow on seeing me crouches, and with a leap is away. There! that is the triumphant tongue of Bee, proclaiming she has found the near-end of the broken trail; she is far below me and her bay breaks through the silent night to be shattered into innumerable echoes among the crags. She is joined immediately by the whole pack, until the long heavy volume of chorused music seems to shake the stars now filling the firmament. But the race is long and the pace too hot for my loyal veteran, and she lags behind to give place to the younger blood of Miss and Maid, as they, leaping to the front, set the gait up the Goff Ridge side by side, the others struggling and straining, but not far to rearward. Where is Racket? For as he only gives tongue when leading I know he is not in the van. Ah! there he is, poor, faithful brute, wounded and bleeding from cuts in throat and flank, caused by straggling strands of barbed wire of the broken fencing on the Ridgeway farm. I lift him to the saddle before me and follow the pack as best I can, turning down the ridge by the fallow fields of the abandoned Ridgeway place, rank with broomsedge and wire-grass, but they are soon out of hearing. I retrace my course to take a position near an old runway, and soon hear the hounds around a point of the ridge; now they are approaching me but a quarter of a mile distant. Here they come, and now for the finish! Listen! that is the voice, organ-toned and grand, of the always reliable Bee, and to relieve my pent-up feeling I greet her coming with an old-time rebel yell, which she hears and understands; because an instant after, in three great leaps, she is twenty-five yards in the lead. Gallantly she runs, giving tongue rarely, and then only to show the pack has safe conduct. Now they pass me, veer-

ing to the left, their baying growing faint and fainter until it dies away in the distance.

I dismount and lift the wounded hound off the saddle, encouraging him to try his legs, to find he is not severely hurt but is able to move along slowly. Not a sound breaks in upon the beautiful night save the flute-like plaint of a whippoorwill, and the weird and terrifying cry of a wandering screech-owl. The moon is slipping lower in the sky, and away down the valley, from my stand on an abrupt spur of Milksick, I see a little reach of Lost River through a break in the darkling woods—a broad roadway of silver shotted with gold, where its shallows ripple under the mellow light of the paling moon. Dimly flickering, from a cove a mile away, I see a light in a cottage, and faintly comes the nervous barking of some mongrel cur.

Again I hear the pack racing up the mountain, and with bated breath I wait for the music of my favorite. There it is! and, as usual, in the lead. Good old Bee! But the others are not spent, nor far in the rear. If they can

make the pace so rapid for Reynard that he will not be able to seek shelter among the shelves of rock jutting from the base of Sandy Flat, we may yet be in at the death and carry away his brush. But it is not to be, for the fox is good for another run, being safely hidden in the cavernous recesses of Big Rock.

The moon has disappeared and the sky, a beautifully clear turquoise, is a net-work of quivering brilliants. The hunt is a failure, yet as I ride homeward in the starlight, with the beaten and exhausted hounds strung out behind me, I wonder if the far-famed meet on the English Downs, with the thoroughbred hunters ridden by gentlemen in scarlet, white cords and tops, the English beauties in elegant habits and high silk hats, the well-kept fox-hounds coupled together and held in leash by natty keepers, and all that, is half so pleasurable as a moonlight run through the laurel coves and along the ridges of the grand old Cumberlands, with the rough-coated pack in full cry, e'en without the guerdon of the brush when your fox is run to cover.

WEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

BY HOWARD HELMICK.

ÆSOP'S FABLES, CXIV.

A MAN of parsimonious ways
Great wealth had gathered in his days,
All that necessity or ease
Required the frugal mind to please,
His lands and revenues afforded ;
So that the guineas he had hoarded,
Gold on gold in glittering heap,
Secure from loss he meant to keep
Within a chest beside his bed.
With iron bands well riveted
The chest was bound, for lock and key
He deemed but poor security ;
And there each day he sat, in bliss
That all the golden store was his.
As not for use he'd make this saving,
But simply for the joy of having.



Drawn by Howard Helmick.

"The candle seizes and peers again."

A hunger-witted servant-man
Oft spied his master, and began
To marvel what the chest contained,
That he in happy mood remained
Before it hour by hour. The wonder
Was not got over, but got under.

"False key," he thought, "a lock derides,
But iron bands are strong ; besides,
The master's eye is on his chest ;
A safer means shall be my quest."

The chamber's oaken flooring, laid
On heavy beams, the ceiling made
Of the servant's room. In dead of night,
With greasy auger toiled the wight,
'Till through the floor and chest was bored
A hole that reached the precious hoard.
The auger drawn, the guineas followed ;
And thus the rascal's pockets swallowed,
Night after night, the master's treasure.
Now rich in turn, he longed for leisure ;
In distant parts bought an estate,
And passed his days amongst the great.

One night our rich man felt the hand
Of death ; to bed betook him, and
Enjoined his son to frugal life,
"To take an heiress for a wife,
To guard the guineas in the chest ;
Forbear to raise the cover, lest
The sight of gold should tempt expense.
In short, touch not the hoard, for thence
Will come the happiness of riches :"
He said, and then spasmodic twitches
Drew down his mouth. He closed his eyes.

Not grief so much as glad surprise
Possessed the son, and thinking death
Had stopped his father's chiding breath,
He hurried forth for bar and hammer,
And open broke the chest. The clamor
Of sledge and iron in mortal strife
Recalled the father back to life.
He watched his son. The youth descries
No treasure there ; he rubs his eyes ;
The candle seizes and peers again—
Nor gold nor jewels strike his ken.

Death often in a moment bears
The wisdom one through life forswears.
And thus the rich man : "Son, had you
To my injunction proven true,
Preserved the chest intact ; the thought
Of great possessions would have brought
You happiness through life. Now know the care
Of slender means—a qualified despair."
Then pride of wealth—and that possessed him most—
Died from his soul as he gave up the ghost.

A POST-GRADUATE COURSE.

BY ANNE L. CRAWFORD.

RUTH, stop!" "I can't, Jo—it's a child." The hurrying passengers were suddenly arrested in their rush across Courtlandt Street to the Elevated, by a dray accident. Cries of "Back 'em!" "Who's hurt?" "Ambulance!"—resounded for a minute, then the plunging horses were forced back, and a sickening thrill ran through the swaying crowd at the sight of a child in a huddled heap where the horses' feet had been. Women hid their eyes, and the two policemen who bent over the muddy heap looked helplessly at each other. They were gently put aside by a girl who unhesitatingly gathered the child into her arms, supporting its head on her shoulder as she knelt.

The people looked at her wonderingly.

"Be you a doctor, Miss, or a nurse?" asked one of the policemen, eagerly.

The girl lifted a white face. "No. Won't the surgeon be here soon? Will you get some water?"

A slight movement in the crowd revealed a ragged, anxious-faced woman.

"Ef it ain't Jane Rance's kid—she that lives over Bingham's store, yander. He wuz allers a-runnin' the streets. Are you much hurt, young un?" and she bent to examine the little drawn face.

"He shivers so—will you put your shawl over him. I hope he isn't conscious. Is—is the mother coming?"

"Nobody ain't told her yit. I wuz jest a-passin'. I'll go tell her myself. Think you cud carry him to the house?"

"Wait until the ambulance comes," said a gentleman, authoritatively. "He musn't be moved until then. Ah! here's water."

The wanless of the face against the girl's breast increased as the water touched it; a pair of dim eyes opened. Ruth held the child closer with one arm, felt for his heart, and kissed the

small, cold cheek. With a little cry like that of a hurt bird the child straightened himself in the arms that held him—and died.

As the surgeon took the limp form and examined it, shaking his head sadly, a woman pushed through the crowd. Her eyes said that she was the mother. People shrank back from her. She bent over the child, not heeding the ambulance or the surgeon's words. She called it; stroked it; then turned round, appealing to the shrinking crowd.

"Who done it?" she said.

Ruth went to her suddenly and took her hands, whispering in a choked voice and looking in her face. The woman's chest began to heave; she caught the girl's hands to it and held them tightly for an instant. Then the surgeon placed the child in her arms, and the anxious-faced woman led her away weeping, and still turning her head to look after the girl.

Ruth, hurried by her companion up the Elevated steps, flushed at some of the comments that reached her ears.

"One of the Salvationists—" "No; college settlement, most likely." "Deuced plucky girl, anyhow." "Poor little chap."

"My dear girl, don't have hysterics now that it's all over," implored Jo as she carefully put Ruth into an end seat and flung her wrap over the mud-stained gown. Then, as she met Ruth's wondering glance—"well, you're trembling like a leaf."

"Am I?" said Ruth.

"If you would only imitate my calm," Jo ran on, with flushed cheeks. "After performing the orthodox friend's part of second fiddle,—hanging on the curbstone, wishing that I could have risen to the occasion,—I am as cool and serene—"

Ruth laid a gentle hand on hers. For an instant, while she had held the child, she had caught a glimpse of Jo's

tear-stained face straining towards her through the crowd.

"I am afraid we won't have time to inspect our prospective flat," she said. "If it were not so far up town—"

Jo consulted her watch apparently; in reality the pale face beside her.

"No," she said decisively, "we must leave that until the next time that we are in New York. Then we can devote a whole afternoon to investigating its possibilities, making the 'contrack,' and then, O rapture! to pottering about furniture and art stores, planning what we shall get this winter to begin housekeeping on. And, Ruth, I've decided that we must have a brass tea-kettle rather than a copper one, and that that horrid brown 'Melancholia' you're so proud of shall be banished to your study, for it has a wretched effect on my spirits."

Jo did not recur to the accident until their return to college.

"Pretty well for a girl who habitually lives on her nerves," was her quiet remark as they said good-night. "All the same, Ruthie, I'm glad you don't feel it your vocation to be a hospital nurse or a sister of charity. Though if anything ever happens to me, I hope you'll be round," she added inconsistently.

However admirable and necessary may be the quality of nerve, nerves are bad capital. Ruth acknowledged this a few months later when the middle of June found her ensconced in a quiet New England farm-house, there to rest and recruit from the wear and tear of her commencement, to which the congratulatory dinner given by her well-meaning guardian on her twenty-first birthday had added the proverbial last straw.

Ruth was firm in refusing the proposed trip abroad with the guardian's equally well-meaning family. Instead she followed her physician's prescription of "six months of absolute rest—in the country, if possible." Not that she coveted such opportunity for inertia; quite the reverse.

"There is nothing about this place to rouse one," ran her first letter to Jo.

"My first impressions were absolute

stillness, twilight, and—a firm hand. This last helped me down from the stage, and guided me into the presence of—my hostess, I had almost said. She stood on the front porch, very small, very straight, with flashing eyes and much calm of demeanor. She took me in and sat opposite while I devoured honey and wheaten bread, also dew-berries. She asked me just two questions, 'if I were tired,' and I was, very; 'should I like to go to my room?'

"Yes, it is a nice room. Three wide uncurtained windows around which the trees gather close, lindens and a pine—that's for a sleeping potion. The big fire-place is filled with asparagus, the bed hath a tester, and there is a corner cabinet, likewise a secret cupboard! Picture me taking possession, and next morning hurrying my household gods—and chattles into their niches with all possible speed. I have improvised a nook with sofa cushions on the broad sill of the south window; near by stands my steamer-chair. My books are on the mantel-shelf, and Mona Lisa is just over the secret cupboard. There is a table with curved legs, where I shall write when the muse descends. Do you see it all, and approve?

"Nevertheless, I am exceedingly dull; it is hot, my mind refuses to work. I yawn over Walter Pater and retire into my hammock to build and rebuild—not air-castles, but one very substantial and practical flat in New York for next winter, when our respective careers will assume proper proportions.

"Miss Josephine Wright Brown, accompanist to Herr Vladenir Vron-skeffsky,—a Polish violinist imported for the purpose!—and

"Miss Ruth Kingsley, art critic and writer of reviews for the magazines!"

"How I long after it all. I'm afraid I've grown a slave to what the esoteric and the superficial alike, term 'atmosphere.' Certainly, it is hard work creating it for oneself in uncongenial surroundings.

"And a place and people more barren of intellectual life I can hardly

imagine. Mrs. Mervyn is quite a character. I shall study her when I have penetrated a little that still, implacable reserve in which she sheathes herself. Her son—it was he who helped me to alight in the dusk, but I did not see him until the next morning—is not a character but a splendid animal, rather. He antagonizes me like a horse I once had—and was afraid of. You would call him Sigurd the Volsung at first sight. Nothing of the smooth, gracile Greek about him—such shoulders and straight brows over broad gray eyes belong only to Norse and Scandinavian heroes. Yet the name and the mother are indisputably Welsh. Perhaps a Viking captive in the castle of Llandudno stole the heart of the warden's daughter; and perhaps they fled and settled on the Vineyard coast, 'in the morning of the world,'—and called their son Mervyn. Odd it certainly is, and provocative of romance, to find such a throat and head here on a New England farm. But of what value is the most magnificent physique, when the mind is on a hopeless dead-level of monotony?

"You should see this Volsung drinking buttermilk at breakfast, or leisurely driving cows, or leaning against a fence in this hot June sunshine, doing absolutely nothing except watching hawks circle!"

"This ox-like serenity and placid strength always irritate me—I want to give such people an electric shock!"

"A deplorable lack of subject-matter to warrant all this scribbling you are thinking, and justly—"

It was Midsummer Day. Ruth roused herself from her steamer-chair, where she had been reading Heine—as she fondly believed until she found her thoughts engaged with the problem of whether or no an education is necessary to moral development. A few minutes later, sketch-book in hand, she was on her way to Elf Knoll to "do the view."

"I'm getting a hearty contempt for myself," she muttered as she rambled through the hot clover; unless I have

a definite, cut-and-dried occupation I can't accomplish a thing! I suppose my mind is taking a holiday—fortunately, my sketching doesn't require any connected thinking."

She had climbed the little knoll covered with pine-needles before she discovered the figure of Mervyn at full length on the ground, his head propped on his hands. As she saw no sufficient reason for beating a retreat, Ruth sat down, calmly advising him of her presence.

"I trust I'm not disturbing you. I want this view for my own."

He turned his head toward her.

"That?" he asked, sweeping with his eyes the clear blue hills and the broad stretch of daisy-slopes and distant wheat. A bobolink bubbled out across the buttercups.

"Yes," a little defiantly. "The light is very good this morning."

He smiled. "The light is always good, isn't it?"

"This is your holiday?" she replied with the demureness of a Quaker.

"It's everybody's holiday. At least, the fairies keep it."

"That would be pretty if a child had said it," Ruth thought discontentedly, and sketched on in silence.

After a long pause he looked up with his gradual smile. "Is 'it' your very own now?"

"It was too elusive. I'm drawing you," she added after a minute's silence. "Turn your head a little, please," she went on impersonally, "the profile is best."

The clean descent of the forehead, the straight sweep of the brows poised like the wings of an eagle pleased Ruth, but the serene curve of eyelid and mouth had power to irritate her, and she asked presently, with a slightly sarcastic inflection, "If the elves should give you a wish, as they did little Mabel on Midsummer Day, what should you choose?"

"I can't tell. To add another hour to the day, perhaps—or to find a bobolink's nest."

"Oh, I meant in earnest," said Ruth, indifferently.

"I am serious. What else should I choose?"

Ruth shrugged. "This man is as bad as Diocletian and his cabbages," was her inward sigh, "but he doesn't know what life means!"

"Is there really nothing you could wish?" she said impulsively. "Would it not give you some delight to know the beautiful things that have thrilled all men's hearts, to create something stimulating, to live in a great city where you could see and hear things that inspired you?"

"I have lived in a great city—for two years—and the things I saw and heard did not inspire me. I would rather be here."

Ruth opened her lips but shut them firmly and flushed a little.

"Why should one wish to change the course of life?" he went on, throwing up his head, "a belief in the absolute goodness of things,—that happen, that are,—makes it seem foolish to alter anything."

"You have that belief?" she asked softly.

"Yes."

Ruth wrote that night to Jo: "If our Volsung has not an education, he has ideas; and the pure English that he and his mother speak is rather surprising for this part of the country. Yet I never see him reading. Voilà a sketch of him. I said I should call it 'The Birth of Antæus,' but I perceived that the allusion was entirely lost." . . . "My work seems hopelessly stranded. There is no stimulus. I let myself drift all the time—a sorry contradiction of metaphor, but—"

Indeed, during the next month Ruth's "work" could hardly be said to progress. Mrs. Mervyn, looking out of the kitchen window one hot July afternoon, saw the loaded hay-wagon creaking up to the barn door. In a nest on top, her hair flying, her hat full of briar roses, sat Ruth smiling up at the tall figure of Mervyn outlined against the sky, as he stood in front driving the clumsy team.

At this point Mrs. Mervyn made a memorable observation. "She'll write

no novel this summer—" for she had seen the loose sheets about Ruth's room and had been told of their import. Across one of these sheets was scrawled, not long after, in Ruth's most despondent hand, "It's the height of folly for me to try to write a novel or even a love story—what do I know about life? I haven't even understood myself so far!"

The covers of *Meredith* were getting a little dusty; a set of Burroughs had been ordered. In the August afternoons Ruth drowsed in her hammock or made occasional entries in her idea-book.

August 3. I have decided to live life as it comes. In the present alone is fulness of being. . . . Nature really meant everybody to be happy.

August 10. Resolved: That I am a very morbid and self-centered young person, and that I ought to let the spirit of the Universe soak into me.

August 11.

Passive, between the earth and sky,
Upon the earth's broad breast I lie.
And the bobolink sings from the locust limb.

He knows that the world was made for him.
(Mr. Mervyn says if I've heard a bobolink it was the ghost of a June one; for, alas! they don't sing in August.)

August 15. Told Mr. Mervyn the story of Sigurd to-day. The part he seemed to like most was

"How the dragon's blood
Made the bird-songs understood."

August 19. Found a song-sparrow's nest yesterday! Mr. Mervyn says it is the third brood.

The quiet, prescient days of early fall found Ruth living life as it came. She roamed the woods or lay for hours on some hay-stack up which she had scrambled, sunning herself under the bright sky. It was as if there were no to-morrow, no yesterday. A sweet and subtle influence seemed to have closed over her restlessness like a firm, tender hand, that guided her irresistibly heavenward. Never had she been so unconscious of herself: she ceased to give her actions a subjective analysis. The tones of her voice and the curves of her face became fuller and more child-like.

Her "rusticating" was to be shortened by a month, since she was so much stronger. The first of December

would find her in New York—"that we may be nicely settled in our flat by Christmas," Jo wrote. Ruth nodded, thoughtfully. Christmas and New York seemed very far away.

One Indian summer afternoon, russet with mellow dashes of gold, begot a long-planned expedition after barberries. Mervyn, a little in advance, strode through the golden-rod and reddening blackberry vines, carrying the baskets—very well filled. The barberries had been, as old Lisha Wren predicted, "thicker'n fleas."

Ruth rambled along in a half-reverie, saying little. It had been very pleasant to her—this barberry expedition. As Mervyn was generally occupied about the farm, or off on long hunts after birds—"naming them all without a gun," be sure—the walks which they had taken together were few. But those few had sunk into her memory. She liked talking to this man whose clear gray eyes looked steadfastly into hers, or away beyond. His simple theories of life defeated her intricacies; his tireless strength of body and will rested her; she believed in his sincerity.

Nothing of this was distinctly present in her mind as she followed the overgrown path, and smiled to see him, when he reached a worn rail fence, drop the baskets on the other side and vault swiftly over. She scrambled after him, and not noticing an old log lying, half-hidden, on the other side, stumbled and fell. Before she had reached the ground a restraining arm caught and steadied her on her feet.

"You're not hurt?"

Instinctively, for he had not seen nor heard her fall, Mervyn had turned. Ruth did not answer; she walked on a few steps blindly. A sudden revelation of herself dawned upon her, wrapped her in its wonder.

"Thank you—only a jar. I was very blind not to see it sooner." She walked before him the rest of the way home. She did not look at him, but talked a little, quietly, and minded carefully where she was going.

"If only I could get away by my-

self for a moment, I might understand it"—she thought. The instinct of self-preservation rose strong. The keen-eyed mother felt no change in the other woman's voice or manner that evening.

In her room, Ruth came to battle. On her own side were arrayed her pride, her education, her past life, and whatever worldliness she possessed. On the other, only a shadowy presence, born of a moment's revelation, mighty with mystery, unanswerable. "I love him. I, Ruth Kingsley, love a man whom I have seen only a few months, whose life and thought are apart from mine, who is ignorant, uncultivated"—she took a fierce delight in these expressions, until she beheld the shadowy presence smiling—"and who,"—Ruth cowered,—"cares absolutely nothing for me or my love." Oh, it is bitter, inexplicable! Why do I love him? I suppose if I could answer that, it would not be love that I felt. Why did I find it out so suddenly? I respected him, honored him for his splendid individuality and sincerity. I should have remembered him always as a true man whom I had known. But that just in that moment when he turned swift as light, and kept me from falling, I should know that I loved him!—I must have begun long ago, without knowing it, like a school-girl! A woman would have seen the unreason of it, and the hopelessness. For he will never love me—I am entirely inferior to him—be quiet, you wicked woman!" And she walked swiftly to Mona Lisa and turned those inscrutable smiling lips to the wall.

The action wrought in her a quick scorn for such hysterical abandon. She stood long at the open window, forcing herself into quiet. As though she were reasoning with a much younger Ruth, she repeated inwardly that she had been a foolish girl. Yet she would not betray herself; she would go back and work—when the time came. There were but two months more. Ruth knew that the vague thrill accompanying this thought was one of terror.

"How can I go away? How can I

stay! I shall tell him—I am not strong enough . . . ”

She did not pace the floor for the rest of the night. She lay quiet for a long time thinking, thinking, and at last fell asleep.

In the early light she heard Mervyn's whistle as he strode down to the creek for his plunge. He had slept soundly all night.

In a siege women have the advantage; they understand the art of endurance. Had Mervyn known and returned Ruth's love, she must have met her enemy in open field; and, having far less strength than he, would probably have succumbed. Now, she had but to stand out against the craftiness of her own heart, and all that she held highest in herself resisted day after day.

An observer would have detected nothing dramatic in the situation,—none but an acute observer would have been sensible that there was a situation. Mervyn's life was as untroubled as his face. His mother maintained her uncompromising reserve and continued to watch over the needs of her boarder as though she might be entertaining a princess unawares. As for Ruth, her dignity and self-possession restrained her from avoiding or seeking Mervyn. She did not appear in any way disturbed, but the peace of her solitary walks was gone, and the rare ones with him were of so dual a nature, that they were a hard strain. She resumed her translations of Heine, read for a certain number of hours every day and took up her sketching again—anything to keep her mind occupied. She tried hard to write—hoping that the seething thoughts that filled her brain might rouse and inform with life conceptions for which she longed.

I want to write—I must write! It is intolerable; it is like a wound that will not bleed—

I despise myself no longer—my love for him is honorable. Is he not the truest man that I have known? “We needs must love the highest when we see it.”

“To be active, well, and happy implies rare courage,” says Thoreau. It is true. But how much more courage it must take to be-

lieve in “the absolute goodness of things that happen—that are!” Yet *he* does.

Sometimes I feel that I am such a coward to stay on, when the hardest, and so—for me—the bravest thing to do would be to go at once; but —. Besides, where can I go without making difficulty about it?

This was true enough. Her guardian was still abroad with his family, Jo was visiting relatives in the South and could not join her in New York before December. All invitations for the fall had been refused in view of the “six months rest in the country.”

These few lines in Ruth's idea-book were the only records of the struggle of the autumn, a struggle of which the chief strain was its ceaselessness. After Ruth had reasoned, cheated, and scourged herself into thinking that she truly did not care for Mervyn, an inflection of his voice, the memory of some little expression that he had used, or the sound of his foot on the floor below would set everything back where it began that hazy afternoon in the fields.

One day at dinner, oddly enough the talk turned on a legend connected with a cliff in the next county where Mervyn had just been on one of his long tramps. “*Lover's Leap*” was the inevitable name, but a variation lay in the apostrophe, indicating only one victim. The legend named the daughter of some white settlers, a girl who for love of a steely-hearted young Indian, had given the place its tragedy.

“She was a fool to throw away her heart on an Indian,” spoke Mrs. Mervyn.

“I cannot understand about the Indian,” Mervyn mused; “why didn't the woman's love quicken his own heart?”

“Perhaps he never knew of it,” said Ruth, evenly.

“He must have known!” cried Mervyn.

The two women, carefully avoiding each other's eyes, smiled.

The last days of November were bitterly chill and dreary. Ruth wandered back again and again to Elf Knoll. She looked across to the stern blue mountains and felt her courage rise. At least he did not know, and she

would go away. She was only twenty-one; it was natural for her to take a dramatic view of a common event.

Her books and other belongings had been shipped to New York where she was to eat Thanksgiving dinner with Jo. And unsuspecting Jo wrote, "Seats for the game are secured, and several excited collegians—your old flame, Mr. Pierrepont, for one—act escort, and Mrs. Peyton Vanderwater chaperones us, afterwards, into the presence of Delmonico's fattest turkey. Hurrah!"

Ruth crumpled the letter fiercely, on the morning of her departure—that very evening she would find herself in Jo's embrace, on the flagstones of Forty-second Street, back in the midst of the old life.

"What shall I do? This is what people call Fate, I suppose. I shall go calmly back and teach myself to forget, and some day smile grimly over my 'infatuation.'" She ran downstairs, panting. The stage was to come at ten. She stood for a moment at the door between mother and son, saying a cordial good-bye to the former. When she heard the scramble of hoofs on the hard road, she held out her hand to Mervyn.

"Good-bye," she said quite clearly, and looked up into his face.

He met her eyes silently; his own deepened, then glanced off to the road. "That's a man on horseback—what's happened?"

The rider drew rein by the gate only to shout, "That's been an accident—an' the stage-driver's broke his leg. Stage won't come this mornin'—too late to git thar, naow"—and he trotted briskly on.

Ruth drew a quick breath. Mervyn said, slowly,

"I'd drive you in, but both horses are gone with Lisha to the mill."

"Is there time to walk?" she asked, quickly.

"No, indeed," struck in Mrs. Mervyn, "there's nothing for it but to lose your train. You'll have to wait till to-morrow. He'll drive you over then," indicating her son.

Ruth sternly repressed the gladness from leaping into her voice. "I'll

miss the game,—but it can't be helped, there is no other train to-day but one that would bring me to New York late in the night. I'll send a telegram to Jo."

"Let me walk over with it now," suggested Mervyn.

"Why not wait until Lisha comes back with the horses," objected his mother.

"Oh, no! I want a walk."

Ruth turned back into the house to write her telegram in bitterness of heart. He was anxious to get away—now that the sight of her was forced on him for another day! She hastily scribbled the message, and leaving it on the table for him was wearily climbing the stairs to her own room, when his voice called her.

"You haven't told me the name and address," he said. He stood in the hall smiling and looking up at her, with the paper in his hand. Ruth ran down, laughing sharply at the absurd omission, and added the necessary lines awkwardly with her gloved hand.

"You haven't taken off your things—why not walk over with me, if you have nothing to do," he asked suddenly. "Will four miles each way be too far?"

"You know I've tramped ten!"

She walked out into the sudden fitful sunshine before him. Crisp and faintly blue with a distant promise of snow was the air; the ground crunched blithely under foot. Over the road where she had thought to be traveling by herself in the musty stage-coach she was walking with Mervyn. Her laugh rang, her eyes glowed, she discovered with horror that she was blessing Providence that the stage-coachman had broken his leg!

Mervyn was silent, with troubled eyes belying the firm-curved mouth; but Ruth was too blindly, unreasoningly happy to divine the struggle in his face. She dropped into the quiet of his mood as she did into his long even gait. After another mile, they stopped for a moment on the brow of a steep hill to look back at the soft browns of the stubble fields and the violet of the distant mountains.

Suddenly he turned,—a swift instinctive movement,—and looked into her eyes.

"I love you."

She came close to him with a child's uncertain steps, and put her face against his breast. He kissed her. Then they drew apart and stood breathing the sweet, keen air, light in their faces, divine wonder at heart. She marveled a little at the first words that rushed from his lips.

"To think of the courage there is in the world, defiant, deathless courage. It is the best of life."

"It is the only answer to human suffering," said Ruth, slowly, trying to read the man's thought.

"When I first saw you, you meant that to me," Mervyn went on breathlessly, forsaking his usual calm speech. "You were kneeling in that muddy street, with a child's head—O Ruth, did you learn then that another's suffering is the hardest thing to face? Yet you did not fail even before that mother's eyes. I was leaving New York," he said, more quietly, after a pause, "when I was stopped by that accident, and saw you, and loved—not you, for I did not know you,—but the brave spirit, the incarnation of what all my

life I have held highest. Then we went different ways, and I carried your face as a memory. But with the light on it, for when you came in the summer, pale and tired, I did not know you. I only felt sure that I had seen you once—or the soul of you."

They both laughed. Ruth had not known such laughter before, it went deeper than tears.

"Somehow, in the last few weeks," —Mervyn's voice had a puzzled note—"your face grew more familiar, took on more of that unknown likeness, and when we were saying good-bye on the steps—"

"Oh!" interrupted Ruth, hastily, "I am not brave—you don't know how cowardly I have been."

His eyes flashed. "Then I saw it in your eyes, the same look with which you met the child's mother, and I knew you, and knew—that I loved you."

"You knew that I loved you," said Ruth half audibly. "I have loved you a long time."

The man's reverent mouth curved into a swift smile. "Not since that day in April. Grant that I loved you first—the soul of you, I mean."

Then they went down the hill together.



THE MAD SENTINEL.

BY W. H. WOODS.

CHAPTER III.

WITH THE CORPORAL'S GUARD.



AT the very moment when Beers, turning back from his fruitless chase, was angrily charging Chertz and Hunter with treachery, these two were on their way to the cemetery under his lead, as they supposed. It had come about very simply. Lieutenant Carrington, coming back to the Institute from town that night, had fallen in with Major Scott, who after much talk with him, expressed a wish to see the other company officers also. Here was Phil's opportunity, and he seized it. He offered at once to send Beers to the Major, and being told to do so, found himself thus unexpectedly rid of his chief opponent.

He knew, now, what he meant to do. He would head this expedition himself; and Beers had hardly reached Major Scott's quarters before Phil had dodged through the picket line—much as his rival did later—and gone on in search of Chertz and Hunter.

There was no moon yet, but the night was not wholly dark, and before the young soldier had gone far a low voice hailed him, "That you, Cap?"

"Here I am," Phil answered. "How long have you been waiting?"

"Longer'n we would 'a' been if we hadn't found these guns," answered Chertz, handing him a musket as he spoke.

Phil had forgot about the guns Beers was to have furnished, and was relieved to find them already there.

"Tenshun, Company Q!" said Hunter, speaking for the first time. "Shoulder arms! Forrud, march!" Suiting the action to the word, he started toward the road.

"Halt!" said Phil, quietly. "Who commands this squad?"

"O, you can, if you're so particular," said Chertz, fretfully. "This here monkeyin' with guns, and marchin', and pass-words is all foolishness, anyhow."

"Is it understood, then, that you two are to do as I tell you?" Phil persisted.

"Yes, anything to git away from here and git to business," was the reply.

"This way, then."

Phil did not take them by the road that led through town, but cut across the fields. He did this both to prevent discovery and to balk pursuit. He knew that Beers would be coming along by and by when he got away from Major Scott.

"I should like to know something more about this old man," said Phil, as the three strode across the fields. "Who do you say he is?"

"I said all I had to say about him this mornin'," said Chertz. "Want to hear it over agin?"

"If you don't mind."

Chertz told him, wondering a little that the story seemed to interest his listener now even more than it had done that morning.

"He's a soldier, then," said Phil. "I thought so. Do you know what brigade he was in?"

"I ought to. I've hyeerd him braggin' about it often enough," said Chertz. "He was in the Stonewall Brigade."

"Indeed!"

Phil said nothing more. He hated the thought of committing the old sentinel to the custody of these men; but perhaps, after all, the most merciful thing to do was to send him back to the asylum. One thing, however, the lad was more than ever resolved upon—the old man should not be mistreated.

They were drawing nigh the place now. Soon they climbed the fence

and came into the road which passes the cemetery gates; and here, under the wall just where he and Amos had stood that first night, Carrington halted his squad.

He explained to his companions what was to be done. He had asked few questions, but he made no mistakes. Beers himself could hardly have mapped out his own plan more perfectly than did the lad who had so quietly taken Beers's place. And, yet, there was nothing strange in this. It was a corporal's guard and Carrington knew as well as Beers did what a corporal's guard ought to do.

He would go forward, he explained, and do all the necessary talking, the other men keeping in the background. One of them, however, was, at the proper time, to take the sentinel's place and rejoin the party afterward. With the old man once away from the statue, Phil hoped to take him to town without trouble. "But remember, now!" was his final injunction. "He must be treated kindly!"

Chertz was on the point of open rebellion at this. He did not know what to make of the change in this young fellow's feeling toward the sentinel. He was not used to being ordered about by boys, anyhow, he said to himself. However, there was no time now for quarreling.

They climbed the wall and went up the hill toward the monument. Crickets were chirping in the grass about their feet. In the cedars along the farther wall a whippoorwill uttered unceasingly his plaintive cry. They heard a horse's feet go bounding over a bridge somewhere down toward the town; and far along the Staunton railway and freight train whistled and then rumbled away into the night.

They went on until the outline of the column rose dark before them, and still the old sentinel made no sign. Was he there? Had he fallen asleep at his post? They halted, and their young leader rattled his musket. Then in the shadows at the foot of the statue they saw some dim, uncertain movement, and a hoarse voice challenged them. "Halt! Who goes there?"

"The Corporal's Guard!" was the prompt reply.

A pause followed. The relief had been long coming, and the old man's memory was confused. At length he spoke again. "Advance, Corporal, and give the countersign."

Carrington stepped forward and spoke one word—"Chancellorsville!"

It was merely a guess; but it served the purpose. Perhaps the name of any other of Jackson's battles would have served as well.

"Everything quiet?" asked Phil trying to speak carelessly.

"Yes," the old man answered. "You are late making the rounds. I have been on duty here a long time."

"I'm sorry for that," said the pretended corporal, "but we're going in to camp now."

Hunter took the sentinel's place at the statue and the others turned to leave, the old soldier readily going with them.

As they went down the hill he looked hard at Carrington who marched in silence at his side. "I—I don't believe I know you, Corporal," said he hesitatingly. "Are you in the Stonewall Brigade?"

"No: I'm one of the Institute Cadets," said Phil.

Cadets? Ah, yes, he remembered now. It was the cadets who were down there at New Market, with Breckinridge, wasn't it? and the old man began to talk of things that had happened before Carrington was born.

Hunter had now rejoined them, and Chertz, feeling sure of his prisoner, came and walked close at his side. For a while the sentinel did not notice him. But when he did, he stopped short. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"Oh, I'm one o' the soldier-boys, too," said Chertz, "come to take you in out o' this old graveyard. Don't you see my gun?"

The old soldier touched Carrington's arm. "Take him!" he whispered excitedly. "He's a Yankee. He was one of the guards in the prison where they had me!"

"Oh, no," said Phil, soothingly.

"You're mistaken. He's no Yankee. He belongs to this squad. Come along now, and let's be getting into camp." Then in a quick aside to Chertz, "I advise you to keep quiet."

But the old man's suspicions were aroused, and at this moment, unhappily, he discovered Hunter. "Look at the fellow!" he cried. "We left him on guard at headquarters, and he has deserted!" He caught Hunter's musket out of his hands and turned to go back.

Phil laid a hand on his shoulder. Hold on!" he said, "hold on! What's the matter?"

"I tell you this coward has deserted his post," was the quick reply, "and left old Jack in there without a guard. I've got to go back!"

Phil tried to reason with him, tried to stop him by every means short of actual force, but in vain.

The old soldier grew more and more excited. He must go back, he said, he must go back.

He would have gone; but Chertz, putting down his gun, came softly behind and clasped him about the waist, pinning his arms fast, and at the same time calling to Hunter for help.

This was the thing Phil Carrington had feared—the thing he had determined to prevent.

"Hands off!" he shouted to Chertz. "Let him go, I tell you!"

The answer was an oath, and a sudden kick which sent the lad staggering backward. The next instant his musket rattled on the ground, and armed only with his two hands, Phil went to war.

But the battle was not long, nor of doubtful issue; for although Chertz fought like a tiger, and in the end had to be soundly thrashed, Hunter proved to be a tame antagonist.

Somewhat to Phil's surprise, the old man himself took no part in the struggle. Indeed, when he had finally disposed of Chertz and had time to look about him again, Carrington saw that the old soldier had disappeared.

He found him back at the monument, and it was with difficulty that

he could induce him again to leave it. He succeeded, however, at last, and since the old man either could not or would not tell him where he had been staying, Phil, in his dilemma, took him to the house of Amos, the colored man. Amos readily offered a temporary shelter. But that was not enough. Phil was determined now not to let his charge fall again into Chertz's hands, and wanted Amos to take the old man to Staunton. He, himself, would come to help them off, if he could; but whether he did or not, Amos was to get the soldier away at the earliest possible moment. Then, giving the colored man what money he had, Phil went back to the Institute, troubled and anxious, but regretting nothing that he had done for the mad old man who had been his father's comrade long ago.

Rumors of that night's doings soon crept abroad. Colonel James, commandant of the Institute, spoke regretfully at the chapel next day of this bad beginning of the session, and especially condemned the taking of the guns from the armory. Among the cadets the interest in the affair was the greater, perhaps, from the fact that no one seemed to know exactly what mischief had been done, nor who had done it.

But the explanation was at hand. That forenoon Chertz and Hunter came to the Institute asking for the commandant, with whom they were soon closeted.

The men brought with them the missing guns. They brought also sundry wounds and bruises, visible and invisible; and angrier men than these were seldom seen.

"See here, boss!" said Chertz, "me and my pardner wants to know if it ain't against the rules for these here boys to run 'round the county after night, fightin' and kickin' up all kind o' devilment?"

Colonel James did not seem to hear. "How do you happen to have these guns?" he demanded.

"Cause one o' your officers fetched 'em out and give 'em to us," said Chertz. "Reckon we come in here and got 'em ourselves?"

"I advise you to take a different tone, my man, if you have business with me," said the commandant. "Who gave you the guns?"

"I dunno what his name is," was the reply, "but that's no odds. I'd know him agin, fast enough."

"That's soon tried," said the officer. "Step this way a moment."

He took the man to a window overlooking the campus. "Do you see him there?"

The bell had just tapped and the boys were pouring out of the classrooms. Chertz looked at them a moment. "There he is," said he. "There's the feller, now," pointing as he spoke to one of a group of cadets below.

The commandant called an orderly. "Ask Lieutenant Beers to come to me a moment," said he.

"That's his name, is it?" said Chertz. "Well, sir, of all the——"

The colonel held up his hand. "Wait till he comes, please. Then I will hear you."

Beers changed color in spite of himself when he entered the room. "Do you want to see me, sir?" he asked.

"I am sorry to tell you, Mr. Beers," said the colonel gravely, "that these men bring serious charges against you."

"Charges against me, sir?"

"Yes." He nodded to Chertz. "You can tell your story now," said he. "But please make it short."

Chertz began with the plot, and the languid interest with which Beers seemed to hear the beginning was quickly changed to astonishment as the story proceeded. It was so like, and yet so unlike, the truth; so exactly what he had intended to do up to the very end, and yet in the end so entirely the opposite, that he sat in bewildered silence until Chertz had finished. "And that's how we come by them guns, first and last," Chertz concluded, "and come mighty nigh git-tin' killed besides. And we want to know if they ain't no way o' handlin' this young feller."

"What have you to say to all this, Mr. Beers?" asked Colonel James.

"I don't understand this business, sir," said Beers earnestly. "It must be cleared up."

"Exactly," said Colonel James drily. "We'll get at it now, if you please. Do I understand you to deny these statements?"

"Most certainly, sir. I did suggest some such plan as this man says he carried out, I confess, for that old lunatic ought to be locked up. But that was all, sir. I have not seen these men from that time, until I came into your office just now."

"You can bring proof of your assertions, of course?" the Commandant asked.

"Yes, sir, the best of proof." He turned quickly to Chertz. "What time was it when you started to the cemetery last night?" he asked.

"You know as well as I do," was the gruff reply.

"Yes, but the Commandant doesn't," Beers persisted, unruffled. "What time was it?"

"Twas 'twixt ten and leb'n o'clock, then," said Chertz.

"And Major Scott will tell you, sir," said the young man to the Colonel, "that I was in his room until long after ten. At a quarter past eleven, as you know, I was talking with the sentry at my own door." He turned to Chertz again. "You say there was a big fight out there on the road. What did I fight you with? the musket?"

It appeared not. Chertz reluctantly confessed at last that the assailants had used nothing but their fists.

Then Beers held up his hands. There was not a mark nor a bruise on them.

Moreover, he declared that he had not been in Lexington since Sunday morning: whereas, Chertz and Hunter swore that they had had a second conference with him there on Sunday evening. On this point the men were very positive, and gave a close account both of the man and of the meeting, Hunter backing up all that his partner said.

Beers began at last to suspect the truth. His manner changed. He put

on a troubled look. "I think, sir," said he, speaking with apparent reluctance, "that we would better drop this matter here."

"Why, sir?"

"Because these men are telling the truth, and it's going to make trouble."

"What!" said Colonel James in astonishment, "were you in this affair after all?"

"I was here in my place, sir," Beers answered calmly, "as I can prove beyond all doubt; but somebody *was* in this thing, somebody who looked like me, *even to my shoulder straps.*"

"That amounts to a charge against a fellow-officer, Mr. Beers."

"I did not bring it here, sir. These are the accusers," with a gesture toward Chertz and Hunter.

Colonel James got up and began to walk to and fro. "Impossible!" he exclaimed, "impossible!" By and by he went to the door and gave an order, and in a little while the sentries of the night before came in. Tim Campbell was with them.

"Has this child—this young man been doing guard duty?" asked the Colonel.

Somebody said yes.

"Ah! we'll mend that. Well, my son, I'll begin with you. Did you have anything to report last night?"

"I didn't know I had to report, sir," said Tim.

"O, yes. If anybody tried to run by you, or to take your gun, or troubled you in any way while you were on guard, you must report him."

"But he didn't do anything like that!" said Tim, triumphantly.

At this a laugh arose which the Commandant quickly suppressed.

"What did he do?" he asked.

"He just said, 'Hello, Tim, have they got you on guard?' and went on in."

"In? Into the barracks?"

"Yes, sir."

"And who was it?"

"Must I tell?" Tim asked, pitifully.

"Yes."

The child—for he was nothing more—looked up into the keen gray eyes.

"He has been good to me," he said. "He's the best friend I've got here, and you want me to tell on him! I offer my resignation!"

There was again a stir among the cadets—a murmur of applause which this time went unrebuked.

"No, my boy," said the colonel, "you must tell me who it was."

Tim swallowed—two or three times. His face flushed. His lips began to quiver. "It was—it was Lieutenant Carrington," he said; and, sobbing, hid his face in his arms.

CHAPTER IV.

ORDERED UNDER ARREST.

The breach of discipline unwillingly made known by Tim Campbell of course could not go unnoticed, and Lieutenant Carrington was at once summoned to the commandant's office. "Mr Carrington, you are charged with passing the pickets last night," was Colonel James's abrupt greeting.

"I did, sir," was the reply.

"Then you were not only out of your quarters, but out of barracks after taps."

"Yes, sir."

"What explanation have you to give, sir, of this conduct?"

"I am afraid I have no explanation, colonel."

The commandant's face grew stern. "Does that mean that you will not explain?"

"I do not mean to be disrespectful, sir," said Phil, and the frank blue eyes confirmed the speech, "but I do not think I ought—I—I have no explanation to give."

Colonel James was puzzled. "Carrington, I never knew you to be guilty of a thing like this before," said he more kindly. "You are only aggravating your fault by this stubbornness. Do you know that this thing may have serious consequences for you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you still refuse to speak?"

Carrington was silent.

"Then, sir," said the colonel, "there's worse to follow. You are suspected of having stolen the guns

from the armory and of having gone off to town with these men on some wild frolic."

Phil's cheeks flushed hotly and he opened his lips as if to speak, but remained silent.

Colonel James was losing his patience. "Be dumb two minutes longer under such charges, and you go to the guard-house," said he.

The cadets have always been jealous of any invasion of their rights, and Beers now interfered on the popular side. He had already accomplished more than he had hoped. He had not only cleared himself in the eyes of his superior, as he believed, but through his skillful suggestion, his rival was now in the toils, and whatever the outcome might be, Carrington had already confessed enough to work himself harm. Beers felt that he could now afford to be fair, or even generous.

"I beg your pardon, Colonel," said he respectfully, "but who brings any such charges against Lieutenant Carrington? I understood you to say merely that he was suspected of these things."

"Mr. Carrington confesses that he was out of barracks when the mischief was afoot," said Colonel James. "For the rest, whether they are direct charges or mere suspicions, you ought to know best, Mr. Beers, since it is you who bring them."

"But—but, sir," said Beers, confused and angry at this unexpected reply, "I never said a word about Mr. Carrington. I didn't mention his name. These men here, Chertz and this other fellow, are the ones who have told all these tales."

"And they accused nobody but you," said the colonel.

"No more we didn't," Chertz broke in. "That's right, boss. He's the feller that done it. Stick it to him!"

Beers turned on him with flashing eyes, but before he could speak Colonel James peremptorily commanded silence. "Now, young gentlemen," said he, "I shall finish this examination myself, and let us have no more of these interruptions. Mr. Beers,

you withdraw your charges against Lieutenant Carrington, do you?"

"I have not made any, sir," said Beers.

"I so understood you, certainly," was the reply, "but we'll let it go at that. You, Mr. Chertz—I believe that is your name—you say that Mr. Beers here is the young man who was with you last night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you say the same?" the Colonel asked of Hunter.

Hunter had been staring first at Beers and then at Carrington in a way that had already attracted attention; and now at the commandant's question he started and stammered out, "I dunno, sir."

"What? You don't know?"

"You see, 'twas this way, Cunnle."

Hunter explained. "The first time my pardner and the young feller laid out this business, I wan't thar; and then, when I was thar, 'twas gittin' on todes night, and I couldn't see good."

"You can't say, certainly, then, that it was either of these young men?"

"O, yes I ken, sir. Yes I ken. I'll sw'ar 'twas one of 'em; but which one 'twas pesters me a heap. When I look at this one you call Beers, I'm dead shore 'twas him. And then, ag'in, when I hear th' tother twin talkin' over thar, I'd sw'ar 'twas him. If you was to take them two fellers and turn 'em 'round and stand 'em up thar 'gainst the wall," he went on, "they aint nobody here could tell t'other from which, nohow."

This was so nearly the truth that even the commandant relaxed a little in the laugh which went around the room.

He was grave enough, however, later, when he had adjourned the examination and dismissed every one except the two lieutenants. "It is plain, young gentlemen," said he seriously, "that one of you is guilty, and until I find out which one, you both lie under suspicion. You, Mr. Carrington, will remain in your quarters under arrest."

"You may go now."

But Colonel James did not get to the bottom of the mystery as soon as he had hoped. Chertz and Hunter did not appear at the appointed time next day, nor on any other day. This, it is true, did not prevent another examination; but the examination left the main question still unsettled. Beers's defense was not so perfect as it had seemed. It came out that he had a motive for doing the old sentinel harm, and he had already confessed that he had planned the expedition. It turned out, moreover, that Haskins believed it to have been Beers who had crossed his beat the night before.

Nevertheless, it was Phil Carrington who suffered most from the affair, and that, wholly apart from his guilt or innocence as to the main charge. He was, indeed, generally believed to be guilty, but that made little difference. Many a cadet there would have thought such an adventure something to boast of. It was Phil's silence that hurt him, for at the "V. M. I." as at West Point, the one unpardonable sin is lying. No such accusation, indeed, was whispered against Phil. The bare intimation of such a thing to a member of Company D would have been hotly resented. Nevertheless, it was the general sentiment that Carrington's behavior had not been so frank and straightforward as people had a right to expect of him; and this was felt most deeply by his friends.

Indeed, these were dark days for the young officer. He had never been under arrest before, and although he was kept in quarters but a short time now, it was long enough for trouble to take root. It was long enough, for instance, to show him that the honors which, under all his seeming indifference he earnestly coveted, had probably slipped from his grasp. It was long enough, too, for him to begin to notice the absence of his friends. "What has become of Echols?" he asked the inspector. "Is he sick?"

"No; he was at drill a while ago," was the answer.

One friend, however, showed himself before Phil had been in confinement a day. It was Tim Campbell,

and Phil put on a cheerfulness he did not feel to comfort the boy.

"Are they going to put you in the guard-house?" asked Tim.

"No!" said Phil, as if such a thing was unheard of, "and I'll be out of here again directly. Don't you be worrying now, youngster. You did exactly right."

"But it's mean to tell tales," said Tim, "and if that's the way I've got to do, I wish I had never come here."

"Never mind," said his friend, "we'll make a soldier out of you yet. How did the fellows get along at drill to-day?"

"Not very well, I reckon. After it was over I heard somebody say to Mr. Echols, 'What's the matter with you fellows to-day? Beers drilled all around you.' And Mr. Echols said, 'Phil Carrington is not here.'"

"Did old Ecks say that?" cried Phil.

"Yes; but O, sir!" said the boy half crying. "wont you tell? wont you tell? They are all so sorry about it, and they say Lieutenant Beers is sure to take the honors if you don't tell!"

Phil Carrington's secret was trembling on the end of his tongue, not for the sake of the honors, dearly as he valued them, but because he could not bear to have this boy think ill of him. There was something in the child's eyes which always reminded Phil of his mother; and her approving glance had been to him, from childhood up, as dear as the "well done" of his own conscience.

"Tim, I will tell you this much," said he slowly. "I don't think I have done anything wrong."

"Honor bright?" said Tim.

"Yes, 'honor bright,'" Phil replied, laughing at the boy's earnestness.

"I knew it! I knew it all the time!" said Campbell.

"And as for my not saying anything this morning," Phil went on, "I couldn't have spoken without hurting somebody else, and you know, Tim"—smiling significantly at his little friend—"it's mean to tell tales."

The boy stared at him with rounded eyes. Then he suddenly sprang to his feet. "That's it! That's it!" he shouted. "I'll go right straight and tell Mr. Echols what you say!"

"Hold on here, you little bantam!" said Phil, catching him by the arm. "You are not to speak one word of this to anybody. Do you hear?"

"Mayn't I just tell Mr. Echols?"

"No, sir; not a word. If Jack Echols wants to know about this thing, let him come to me himself. Promise me, now!"

He promised, and Phil let him go.

It had been arranged the night before that, in order to avoid attracting attention, Amos and his prisoner should take the late afternoon train for Staunton. As the hour for its going drew near, Phil's anxiety increased. He had promised to help get the old man off, but here he was shut up in quarters, and he doubted if Amos alone could carry the thing through. However, the train presently went out, and as the time passed and Amos did not appear to report a failure, Phil began to hope that he had got off safe with his charge.

The night passed and much of the following day. Still Amos did not appear, and Phil's anxiety revived. The colored man had had ample time to go to Staunton and return. Why did he not report?

In the afternoon Carrington was released and went immediately to the commandant and asked permission to go to town. He wanted to look Amos up. But permission was refused, and there was nothing to do but to wait.

On his way back to his quarters Phil came unexpectedly face to face with Echols. They had been the best of friends, but Phil had been hurt by Echols' treatment of him lately, and perhaps he showed it. At any rate, Echols, instead of greeting him as usual, flushed, came to "attention" and saluted without a word.

Phil looked at him a moment. "I see," said he quietly. "All right, Sergeant!" and gravely returning the salute, he walked away.

Denny, the greatest tease in the In-

stitute, had looked on wonderingly at the whole affair. He gave a prolonged whistle.

"Now, sonny," said he sarcastically, "you want to practice that game a heap before you try it on Phil Carrington. He can put on more side in a minute than you can in a week!"

For a little while Echols did not answer. Then with his eyes still fixed on the retreating figure, "Joe," said he gently, "if you ever get to be half the man that fellow is you will be prancing around here in a chariot."

And Denny said only "Selah!"

Phil Carrington spent the rest of that day in restless anxiety in his quarters. But about dusk a shuffling footstep came down the hall followed soon by a timid knock at the door. Phil opened it to find Amos standing there, battered and bruised, and carrying one arm in a sling. "Marse Phil, dey done tuck 'im," said he.

Phil drew him in quickly and shut the door. "I have been in trouble here myself," said he, "and could not get off to help you. Sit down there now, old man, and out with it, fast. Who took him? And what's the matter with you?"

"I is gittin' ole, sho' 'nuff, Marse Phil," said the negro, "ole and stiff; but, 'deed, sah, I done de bes' I known how, and dat ole man fit pow'ful. But 'twan't no use. Dey was too many for us. Dey got 'im at las'."

"But who got him, Amos?"

"I dunno w'at dey names was, leas' ways, two of um's names, and w'at's mo', I don' want to know; but de yuther one was dat young feller yer w'at fokes say look like you."

Phil started up with an exclamation, but sat down again. "When was it?" said he.

"'Twas yistidy, 'bout an hour by sun," said Amos. "Me and him done started down to de deepo——"

"Ah! you did try to get him off, then?"

"Yes sah; I was mighty jubous 'bout it when you fotch 'im dar Sunday night, but you done gimme de money, and beg so hard, and de ole man behave hisse'f so mil' like, I was gwineter try

it, anyways. I ain' had no trouble wid 'im 'tell we got to de grave yard, and I was a laughin' and gwine on mighty fas' to try and git 'im by dar. But all at onst he seen de moniment. Den he stop. 'Dar's ole Jack,' sezee. 'Take off yo' hat,' sezee. He done got his'n off. 'Suttin'y, boss,' says I, 'suttin'y. I done tuck off my hat to dat man up dar many a time way back yander when my chilluns was in his Sunday-school,' says I."

"But dat ole man farly 'stonish me, he did. His eyes shine, and he straighten hisse'f up like a pine bush w'en de snow done tumble off'n it. Bime-by he say to me, sezee, 'I got to go up to headquarters now,' sezee. 'Hit's time fer me to go on juty,' sezee. Wid dat, he clumb de fence and I clumb arter 'im, a beggin' 'im to come go 'long back wid me. But shucks! I might jis' as well a been talkin to dem tombstones dar! On he went, clar up to de moniment, and dar, right in front, he set in to trompin' back'uds and forruds, back'ards and forruds, like he was a picket on his beat. He won' lemme talk to 'im no mo'. He 'low I'd 'sturb the ginnerl in dar,' and so I sot down on de grass to wait. En dar we was, jis' two po' ole fools, me a settin' dar watchin' 'im, and him a struttin' up and down, makin' out like he was a sho' 'nuff gyard befo' de ginnel's tent. I ain' know widder to laugh or to cry."

Phil got up and went over to the window, and stood there looking out.

Amos stopped. "Marse Phil," said he presently, "dat ole man ain' none o' you all's fokes, is he?"

"What in the world put that into your head?" said Phil, but he did not turn around.

"Hit seem to me he sorter favers you," said Amos. "He got eyes like yo'ne; an' den you so pow'ful sot to git 'im 'way fum yer."

"He's an old soldier, Amos, and out of his mind; and I knew these men would abuse him if they got their

hands on him. But go on and tell me the rest of it."

"Dey ain' much mo' to tell," said Amos. "'Twant long 'fo I seed dem men gittin' ober de fence, and I knowed den trouble was comin'. Dey come 'long up de hill, and w'en dey git putty close, dat ole picket sings out, sezee, 'halt!' sezee. But de men ain' min' dat. De young feller walk right straight up. De ole man look at 'im jubous like. 'Dat ain' you, corporil, is it?' sezee. Den de young feller laughed. 'Hit's me,' sezee, and wid dat dey tuck holt.

"At fust de ole man seem sorter 'stonished, but my! my! de way he did fight! One o' de men was busy wid me. He gimme dis"—Amos touched his crippled arm—"but de young feller and de yuther one was on de ole man. Th'ee times dey got 'im down, and ev'y time he shuck 'em off ag'in. But dey wo' im out at las' and the young feller hilt 'im down whiles de yuther man put dem things on his wrists."

"Do you mean to say they put handcuffs on him?" asked Phil.

"I dunno w'at calls 'em," said Amos, "but dey looked like two padlocks hitched togedder, and w'en de ole man git dem things on 'im, he give up, den and dar. Dey raised 'im up on his feet, an' he stood dar, lookin' fust at de men and den at his hands. He was bar-headed, and his white ha'r was all mussed up wid du't, and blood was tricklin' down his face."

"Den he says, sezee, 'I have had much trouble in my life,' sezee, 'but nothin' like dis,' and he hilt out his hands. 'Take me somers whar I kin hide,' sezee."

Carrington suddenly turned from the window. There were tear-drops on his cheek, but his eyes were blazing and his nostrils curving quickly in and out. "Stay here till I come back," said he, and left the room; and before Amos could gather his wits together the ringing footsteps had passed far down the hall.

(To be continued.)

RUSSIAN STUDENTS.

BY ROBERT APPLETON.

THE key to a nation is the study of the young man. And in the numerous and various publications about the Russian people and the country, a representation of the Russian youth has been conspicuously omitted. The problem, therefore, which the social and political phases of Russian life have presented to the intelligent reader of the civilized world has always been wanting of solution, and the picture only displayed a confusion of contending but inexplicable forces.

For the last decade, both Europe and America have been watching with intense interest the development of each new phase of Russian life wrought out by striking episode of thought and action, without comprehending the anomalous sociological condition of that country.

With the power of an autocracy so absolute as to be tantamount to a tyranny swaying the Russian people, the political life of the country is agitated violently by an opposite tendency of the most uncompromising democracy; with institutions in which the ascendancy of class and the superiority of person is the most indispensable feature and the most undisputed condition. Russia contains, at the present day, a larger number of individuals than any other country in the world, who consciously recognize nothing higher than the dignity of manhood, and who are consciously and resolutely combating for the moral autonomy of man!

With a system of government, the organization of which is one of the most perfect and one of the most stupendous that was ever contrived, where the resources of an opulent and immeasurable land are systematically appropriated for the support of that system, the contention of an opposing principle has proved itself so strong, has made such persistent headway, that the attention of civilization is now riveted

on watching the vicissitudes of this bloody struggle with a secret hope of seeing soon that system crumble and fall to the ground!

If the anomalous condition of life in Russia could contain more forcible contrasts, I need only refer to the fact that the constituted government is supported by a million of armed men, by a swarm of interested officials and is based on the political apathy of eighty millions out of its hundred millions of subjects, while it is only opposed by the tens of thousands, and is openly combated only by its thousands of youths. And it is the life and process of development, the environments which mould their personalities, the influences which shape the characters and dispositions of these boys who have shaken the throne of Russian autocracy, that I have attempted, not so much as to represent, as to indicate a faint outline for a more general conception.

Pushkin in his great poem, "Evgeni Oneyegin," has written: "We have all learned something, somehow, somewhere."

This somewhat pessimistic innuendo on the educational facilities of his own time may have been true and just when he wrote, but it would by no means illustrate either the character or the tendency of Russian educational institutions of the present. The Russian student of this period is perhaps more thorough than the student of any other European country. The system through which he is compelled to pass in order to acquire any specialty is so slow and progressive that, before he is allowed to take up what is to be the study of his life-profession, he must produce documents to prove that he is an educated man. He must have the diplomas which are given when a young man passes the final examinations in the gymnasium. The gymnasium, which occupies such an

important part in Russian education, consists of eight classes and a preparatory class, and is governed by a director and inspector and a body of twenty or more efficient professors, each a specialist. Like everything else in Russia, these schools are under direct government control, and the Minister of Education holds just as important a position as the Minister of War.

Everything connected with the life and conduct of the students is scientifically regulated by a system of rules and laws which must be obeyed, and cannot be violated with impunity. No student under eight or over eighteen is allowed to enter the gymnasium, nor can any student remain in the school after he is twenty-one, since that is the age at which every Russian subject is liable to the military conscription. But if a student is twenty-one and is in the last class, his studies are not interrupted; he is allowed to pass his "finals" and proceed to the university to continue the preparation for his career, at the end of which time he is liable to serve in the army only six months, a reduction from the six years to which he would have been liable had he not reached that grade of education.

In order to become a gymnast, or student of the gymnasium, every boy must pass an examination. Even to be admitted into the preparatory class, he must be able to read fluently, to know something of the rudiments of arithmetic, grammar and orthography. In the first class, he generally begins to study the Latin grammar, French or German (or both if he likes), history and geography. This course continues till he enters the third class, when he begins to study Greek and must drop either one of the two modern languages; he begins algebra and drops orthography. In the fourth class he begins to read ancient history, and takes up geometry and physics. This course continues till he enters the sixth, when he begins astronomy and trigonometry. On finishing in the eighth and last class, he is subjected to a searching examination, on suc-

cessfully passing which, he is given his attestat zrelosti—literally, "attestation of ripeness"—which admits him to any of the Russian universities where he can select his desired faculty.

The recitation of lessons is conducted much the same as in other countries; any student is liable to be called up by the professor and examined in the lessons of the day. He is then given a mark to characterize his performance. At the end of every quarter a testimonial, containing the sum total of his marks, is given to each student. If his marks have been exceptionally good, say above eighty per cent, he receives a "laudatory list." At the end of the year there is a severe examination on all the subjects which have been studied during that time. If the student fails to receive at least sixty per cent. of marks on that examination, he is dropped back into the same class for another trial. If at the end of two years he fails to pass his examination, he is suspended from the gymnasium, and is practically expelled by a certain paragraph of the educational laws. But he can enter the same school at the end of the vacation by passing the necessary examination for the higher class. Besides these marks on the student's average knowledge of things in general, there are two other subjects which have an important bearing on his fate. One is religious instruction and the other is conduct. A student may have an excellent record in every other subject, but if he have a very bad total in "religious instruction" he is remorselessly left in the same class for another year; but woe to the student who is expelled for misconduct! He can never re-enter the gymnasium or any higher educational establishment, and his career is forever blighted.

We used sometimes to think it an injustice that, while as members of the Greek Church, we were compelled to learn our Biblical lessons and the profound commentaries upon the Scriptures, the Jews, who formed a sixth of the whole number in school, were exempt from this pious exercise; but in

1881, in consequence of the discovery of many revolutionists belonging to the Hebrew persuasion, who on trial godlessly denied the infallibility of Moses and all the wise men of Israel, a supreme decree was promulgated to the effect that religion should thenceforth be taught to them. "It shall be so!" and the government accordingly is now paying salaries to learned rabbis who joyfully instruct their grateful co-religionists concerning the ten plagues that befell Pharaoh and all his host for maltreating the chosen children of God, and that it behooves them to despoil the Egyptians. And so delightfully inconsistent is our paternally wise government that while it commands the Jews to be instructed in the doctrines and tenets of their religion, it still compels all the Jewish youth to be present at the gymnasium on their Sabbath, to carry their books, to work and to write—mortal transgressions for which, according to their creed, each one of them will have to undergo a penance of numberless years of torture in gehenna. I must not omit the department of technical education, which was introduced into the gymnasiums in 1884. Every school now has a large work-shop where several trades are taught, the most conspicuous of which is carpentering and cabinet-making, though the higher grades of mechanical instructions are not left out. Not the least interesting part in connection with this innovation is the method by which it was successfully inaugurated.

As soon as the minister of education sent out instructions for the opening of such departments, a number of the professors attached to the schools, devoted their long summer vacations to the adopting and perfecting of some handicraft, to which they applied themselves with the most active and persistent energy. The undertaking was perfectly gratuitous, and only demonstrated how widespread the opinion was, both amongst teacher and pupil, in favor of such useful innovation.

The influence which the gymnasium has upon a young man is of paramount importance on his whole after

life. Immediately on entering it, he becomes subject to a host of rules and regulations calculated to shape his whole character and disposition. When Count Tolstoi—not the novelist—was Minister of Instruction, he evolved a code of laws which for profundity and wisdom pass all understanding. The gymnast has always been obliged to wear a certain uniform—a plain but picturesque dress—which must be worn alike by prince and peasant, and which admits of no exemption. The tunic, which is strictly military, must always be buttoned and clean; the cap, which is peaked, bears the name of the gymnasium to which he belongs; he must carry with him wherever he goes, a ticket specifying his name and class, and on that ticket are printed all the laws regulating his private morals and conduct; he shall not wear a ring on his finger, or a chain outside his tunic; he shall not adorn his lip, with a mustache or his cheeks with whiskers.

Speaking of mustaches and whiskers, I cannot refrain from relating an anecdote of the year 1882. At the gymnasium to which I then belonged the senior students, in spite of these dreadful injunctions, did in some cases wear whiskers and mustaches; the authorities either winked at it or did not observe it. But at the final examinations it came to pass that some poputshitel—a higher official than any of those connected with the gymnasium—was to preside over the examination, and accordingly we received strict orders to present ourselves with shaven faces. We came together—there were twenty-seven in the whole class—and each one of us had something or other in the way of facial decoration which made him conscious that the order had a personal application. We debated and consulted and finally came to the salutary conclusion that "it needs must be," and on the following morning when we met in the class-room we all grinned at each other with the melancholy satisfaction of seeing that all were alike, shorn of facial ornaments. But we had our revenge a month later, when, meeting our professor, who, now

that we were to all intents and purposes university students—most of us having successfully passed the examination—affected to treat us with less formality, we all had a fresh growth sufficient to be able to beard our former instructor and tyrant!

The most objectionable feature in the Russian gymnasium, to the student at least, is the constant supervision and vigilance exercised by the authorities. There are three distinct officials appointed to watch over the students' conduct. These worthies, who generally have the full share of the affection that such functionaries obtain, are perpetually on the lookout; they have the authority to come at all sorts of hours to visit and search the students' rooms and houses, to question, examine and report on everything that they hear or know. Every student, if he have no parents or very near relatives residing in the town where the gymnasium is located, is obliged to reside in certain quarters assigned by the authorities, with a certain limited number of comrades, all under the supervision of a senior student who is obliged to report on everything concerning the private conduct of those under his charge. Of course the students are thereby protected from the exorbitant charges of unscrupulous landladies, since every such person in taking students to board becomes responsible and accountable for everything to the gymnasium authorities, and she is not allowed to have students at her house until she is duly licensed by the same officials. But if the student cultivates a manner of dignified and respectable reserve towards all his professors, the system of supervision so constantly exercised upon him soon serves to cultivate all those faculties of eluding and evading which ultimately make the university student, when in conflict with more rigorous authorities, such a consummate conspirator.

But in spite of serious defects, the good and beneficial results in the Russian gymnasium decidedly preponderate. The gymnasium, especially in the provinces, becomes the nucleus around

which the aspiring and intelligent youth of the country rally, and, interchanging opinions and views, blend all their differences and idiosyncrasies into one national characteristic whole. The very fact that they are subjected to the strictest discipline—the system of rules and regulations determining when they shall rise and when they shall go to bed, when they shall appear on the streets and when they shall not appear on the streets—all this precision of conduct and regularity of uniform almost assumes the glamour of a military institution, which in every country presents a peculiar fascination to the youthful mind.

The uniform itself, which must be worn by all alike, makes it impossible to distinguish, as far at least as mere outward appearance goes, between prince and peasant scholar, and prevents that display of dress, that affectation of manner, that ostentatious superciliousness, which I have observed to bring about such pernicious results in Great Britain. This uniform, I may remark in passing, consists of a tunic made of blue cloth resembling a military officer's coat, with nine bright buttons and a narrow silver galloon around the collar, dark trousers and a peaked cap. The overcoat is of gray cloth, with six bright buttons, with blue lapels. A ranets (knapsack) is an indispensable accoutrement which the junior students must wear strapped to their backs. Delightful spectacle it is on a silvery winter's morning at half-past eight to see in some small provincial town the numerous scholars coming up from all directions at the lively ringing of the gymnasium bell, all carrying their knapsacks full of text books, their heads full of their daily tasks.

This enforced equality really brings about unconsciously in the course of time an actual conscious equality which can hardly be paralleled in any other country, however democratic. I do not mean to say that toadyism is wholly lacking among Russian youth, but that it is less prevalent than in any other country I have no hesitation in asserting. Those that make the excep-

tions are mostly the sons of parvenu bourgeois, who, wherever that species of humanity appears, bring with them the universally contemptible characteristics of that class—that of imitating, aping and flattering those above them in birth and position. Otherwise, the sons of noblemen and peasants sit in the same room, perhaps on the same bench, dressed in similar clothes, maintaining the same decorous and respectful attitude, called upon to answer the same questions and marked with the same impartiality of judgment. While the student's peasant-father stands before the lord of the manor with hat off and drooping arms, or tremblingly kisses his hand, the son himself will enter the same house unabashed and with unfaltering countenance, ask familiarly for the young nobleman, his comrade, and if not invited to the family table or entertainments, at least while in the son's rooms is treated cordially, as an equal. Such is the effect of this unconscious school of democracy.

There is perhaps nowhere in the world a more edifying spectacle than the sight of a rude, stupid Lithuanian peasant, dressed in sandals and homespun clothes of the most primitive and uncouth design, bringing up to town his two darling sons for the preliminary examination. The father might be sold in Russian and not understand the bargain. The lads have perhaps been working for the past two years with the village teacher, or the schoolmaster of the nearest town, a personage of more pretensions, it is true, but seldom of more parts, and have tried hard to commit to their dull memories the essential rudiments of the Russian language and the other requisites for entrance into the gymnasium.*

If they pass the examination successfully the transformation of their

appearance is almost magical. The exultant father orders their uniform for them, and within a few days they become the bright and neatly-dressed youths, hardly distinguishable from the sons of the most fashionable citizens. Twelve or fourteen years later one of those boys very likely becomes an official, and finds it as difficult to understand his father as it was for his father to understand the gymnasium doctor.

The student of the gymnasium is proud of his uniform and of his condition. The fact of his having entered the gymnasium opens to him—unless he be a Jew, whose religion, notwithstanding every other qualification, excludes him from every high and dignified office—every avenue of wealth and social distinction. Does he want to adopt any specialty, such as medicine, jurisprudence or engineering? His entrance into the gymnasium is the first and right step toward the attainment of it. Has he the ambition to enter the army or the church? A certain course in the gymnasium will qualify him for these professions. Even to be an apothecary, or rather the apprentice of an apothecary, requires at least a certificate of four classes of the gymnasium. The student in the provinces becomes a personage; he is admitted into provincial society whatever his family or antecedents may be—and he begins to learn self-respect. The children of all religious classes and all religious denominations—of the Greek and Roman churches, Jews, Mohammedans, Lutherans—all mingle without consciousness of differences, and they become more cultivated, less narrow-minded than the students of those countries where denominational education makes such distinctive marks and where their training helps to ce-

* I remember once seeing a Lithuanian peasant—Petrushaitus may have been his name, or Melskes—bringing his three sons to Shayli to be examined by the gymnasium physician, Dr. Bartushevitch, for the health certificate required of all students. The man stood in rapt amazement at the sight of the elegant furniture and other surroundings. A plush easy chair would have seemed to him quite too magnificent to sit down in, and the cuckoo clock was a wonder beyond description. When the doctor made his ap-

pearance he drew back, bent low and kissed his hand. "Well, what is the matter with you?" asked the doctor. The peasant looked up, faltered, stammered: "Ash ne supranti pontz" (I don't understand you, sir). The doctor began to feel his pulse. The peasant, in perplexity, nudged one of his boys: "Shakik!" (speak). Then the matter was quickly settled, the boys got their certificates, and the peasant went off bowing and scraping, looking as if he had been released from a terrible ordeal.

ment their prejudices. Students are looked upon as desirable husbands, since in the logic of probabilities they are almost certain to have a desirable career in whatever profession they may choose. And young women, since it is impossible for all of them to be hooked upon the spurs of military officers, graciously condescend to look propitiously upon the aspiring students, who in appearance have a certain resemblance to the favored sons of Mars. All these considerations act as a powerful incentive upon the youth of the Russian provinces to become gymnasts.

The junior students look up to those in the classes above them, and treat them with the utmost respect, and when they meet them on the street, if they happen to be acquainted, they salute them as respectfully as they do the professors.*

A sense of comradeship pervades all the Russian students; the absence of competition in the gymnasium produces a consciousness of unity, as though all were engaged upon the harmonious development of the mind without incentive of rivalry. As there are no prizes of more or less value offered in any specific subject, they follow their own inclinations, tastes and predilections, without cultivating any specific quality at the expense of their general culture and intelligence.

The Russian youth awakens early to consciousness of his individuality; he begins early to live; he falls in love early; he is in haste to pass his boyhood and become a man. He thinks freely, boldly, keenly, but never stops long at one problem. He loves life in his own land, his civic virtues are easily aroused and amidst the repressive and narrow influences of the gov-

ernment and surroundings he feels himself filled with boundless energies, with endless strength, ready to move mountains, but restrained from turning a straw. How all this presence of contradictions and combinations of contrasts work, to what they lead in the end when the youth's understanding is matured by the tuition he receives at the gymnasium, by the observations he makes and experiences which he has, is amply illustrated by the tragic facts of recent Russian history. His nature is either hardened and blunted and he drifts with the tide, voluntarily shutting his eyes to the evils and oppressions, or, faithful to his newly-conceived ideal, with his impressionable and ardent temperament, he abandons himself to strenuous opposition and protests against the actuality, careless of consequences, heedless of the danger of ultimately swinging a pale corpse on the political Golgotha of Russia.

II.

THE UNIVERSITY STUDENT.

On receiving the diploma of the gymnasium the Russian "gymnast" is immediately transformed into the student, a term which, on the continent of Europe, specially designates one who belongs to a university. At the final examinations at the gymnasium he has to state what specialty he intends to pursue, and his papers, with his certificates of birth and religion, together with a photograph for purposes of identification, are forwarded to whatever university he proposes to enter. There are five universities in Russia proper and three others in the provinces, none of them, however, enjoying the same standard and reputation as those of Moscow and St. Petersburg. The universities are governed on almost the same principles as the gymnasium. The head, styled the rector, maintains a great social and official position, and receives a very lucrative salary. Special subjects are taught by competent and even celebrated professors. Besides these spec-

*The way in which the gymnast is distinguished from the rest of the community is well illustrated by the story of a local madman, who was rather a clever tramp than a lunatic. He was once asked by a student why he feigned lunacy. He answered laconically: "Why, my dear fellow, everybody knows who you are by your cap, while no one would have known me if I had not been mad."

ialists there is a staff of instructors corresponding to the fellows in the English universities, except that no examinations are required of them for that post, since they may be recommended to it by the rector and appointed by the Minister of Education. These men lecture on various subjects, such as history, political economy, philosophy, science and art, etc., and act as supervisors over the gymnasium and the other inferior institutions and schools.

The young man, on arriving, presents his papers, including his passport (because every Russian traveling, even in his own country, is obliged to carry such a document), and is duly registered as a student of the university and a member of the "faculty" which he may have elected. He is no longer subjected to a code of petty rules and regulations, but owing to his previous training, which gave him a peculiar and definite stamp, he finds himself again in a circle and under a system where, as a student, he is conscious of forming a separate class in society and in the community.

A fierce battle has been waged for years between the students and the authorities upon the subject of uniforms. The uniform of the university student used to be, if anything, more military in style than that of the gymnasium. The students resented it, rebelled against it, and after years of conflict, in which not a few lives were lost, the authorities, during the brief feast of reforms under the late Emperor, decided to yield. Latterly

the students have been again obliged to don caps decidedly resembling those worn by chinovniks (officials)—a type, as a rule, most detested by students. There are no longer special functionaries to watch over their private and personal conduct, but they are conscious of being vigilantly looked after by each professor, by each lecturer, who take note and report any symptoms of original thought or original reflection. The students are watched everywhere, even at their lodgings (though they are no longer, as formerly, subject to the limitations of special localities), in the streets, where they are recognized, even should they not be clad in their uniforms, and in the hall of the university and amongst themselves in their own private assemblies.

One of the chief original causes that has made the students of the whole of Russia rebel as a body, was the interference of the authorities with their assemblies—skhotki—in the buildings of the university. While the students in England come together at the unions or at the historical and philosophical society rooms and indulge their wit, wisdom and understanding in political, literary and philosophical declamations—a spectacle almost more edifying and more entertaining than their great national institution for phrase-making—I mean the English House of Commons—the students of Russia in following a similar method would be treated as rebels and traitors, and would risk, perhaps, the forfeiture of their prospects, if not their very lives and liberties.*

* I remember once, when visiting St. Petersburg, a friend of mine asked me if I would like to see a student mutiny. The affair was going to be a serious one, he said; they were determined to create an uproar when their professor appeared in his chair. This man understood that his duty toward his students was identical with that of an officer toward the private soldiers under him, and he was therefore a genuine *bete noir* to them. They determined to hold a meeting in spite of the stringent prohibition of the authorities, and to protest against the atrocities of the time. There were several hundred students who crowded the spacious hall, all sitting or standing and looking anxious but resolutely determined. Immediately upon the professor's entrance there was a murmur of discon-

tent among them. The professor sat down, looked up slowly, and rising from his seat and pointing to a student on the front bench who had a suspiciously ominous look on his face, he thundered forth: "Thy ticket!" At once all the students were on their feet. "Apologize! apologize! apologize!" they cried, "How dare you address us with 'thou'?" "Apologize!" The professor stood calmly with his hand outstretched, still demanding the student's ticket of identification. As a general rule the professors are unacquainted with the names and faces of the students under them. The student made a movement toward the chair in order to hand the professor his ticket, when a comrade near him snatched it from his hand, passed it to some one else, and in a moment, amidst a loud up-

In the university the student is no longer obliged to attend closely to his studies, as the curriculum is not so systematic and continuous as it was at the gymnasium. Until a few years ago the very number of years that a student was obliged to spend in his faculty in order to qualify himself for his profession was strictly regulated—that is, the minimum of years, for he could remain there as long as he liked should he fail in his examinations. At that time a student taking up medicine as a specialty was obliged to remain at least five and a half years in the faculty, the last three years of which were mainly spent in practical demonstrations of the theories which he had learned during the lectures. In order to get the degree of jurist, which would entitle him to plead in every court in Russia, he had to remain four years; for those of engineering and technology, seven years. Other faculties, such as philology, Eastern languages, natural science, required four or five years. At the end of each year there was a searching examination in the subject studied. The students drew lots as to who was to be examined first, and on what subjects. Those who were successful were passed to the following "kurs," as the university classes are styled in Russia. Those who failed were left for another year, at the end of which they could try again. Now, owing to the incessant complaints made by the students of their time being so fearfully wasted, semi-annual examinations have been instituted, corresponding to what are known in England as "supplementals," and those who are plucked at the regular examination have a chance of passing to a higher "kurs" six months afterward.

In connection with the several faculties there are several funds allotted by the government for very successful roar of hisses, all had interchanged their tickets with the purpose of hopelessly mixing them. They then proceeded to hold their meeting. The professor left the hall, and in a few minutes the building was surrounded with a division of Cossacks and a cordon of gendarmes, all with drawn weapons, and we were marched off as dangerous political prisoners. Most of us were released almost on

specialists to continue their educational work in Germany, France, or wherever they may choose. Another institution connected with the university is the military surgical school, where the student is educated and maintained at the government's expense, and on passing his final examination enters the army as surgeon with a salary and rank as captain and the chance of speedy promotion. These students are obliged to wear the military uniform of an officer, and it is often amusing to witness some of them displaying all the dignified manner of a regular officer and coolly responding to the honors presented to them by passing soldiers who mistake their blank epaulets for genuine ones.

The privileges conferred by the universities are exceedingly great. Jews, for instance, who could not otherwise reside in St. Petersburg unless they were certificated, finished artisans or merchants of a certain guild, enjoy the privileges of their comrades of other religious persuasion. The student is held to be fit for the best society, and is admitted everywhere he may choose to go, but the lives of a great majority of them are a hard and continuous struggle. Young men and women labor hard; they teach, they write, they labor manually in order to attain a better position in life. They cheerfully combat all hardships and subsist on the merest pittances, and all in order to emancipate themselves from a state of dependence and subjection, and to become leaders and movers of a better era, a happier nation and a brighter country.

III.

The private life of the students in Russia is essentially Bohemian. Congregated together from all parts of the same day, but quite a number were expelled, and four of them were sentenced to a year and a half or two years' imprisonment. I give this to illustrate the spirit of antagonism and enmity existing between the students and the authorities—a spirit that is essentially detrimental to the efficient development of the educational institutions of Russia.

empire, coming in the majority of cases from distances of thousands of miles, the students are very social, and the rooms of each one are open to all the rest, where any one can drop in at any time and be perfectly at home. What strikes one more than anything else at first is the peculiar relationship of the sexes. The women of Russia made steps toward advancement and emancipation much earlier than their European sisters. The result was that women were admitted into the universities and to the privileges of the higher education, and have occupied a prominent place in the learned professions at a time when the women of other countries were just waking up to the fact that life was pregnant with other questions than mere matrimonial speculations, that society presented a more complex problem than the mere contest for fashionable superiority, and that the consciousness of independence and self-reliance was a more desirable acquisition than those attributes and blandishments which make the chances of a spouse—which is tantamount to a desirable situation—a positive certainty. The young Russian girl attends lectures, sometimes in the same room with the young men; she is interested in the same subjects, she studies the same themes, she follows the same curriculum, she practices her calling with the same assiduity and lively anxiety, and the result presents a healthy, almost ideal, and to the sinister, a most curious spectacle.

Not only do young women travel without escort thousands of miles and alight in a city full of gayety and temptations, but they do so without any definite prospects of earning a livelihood beyond the chances of obtaining a few pupils, with the slenderest of purses, without any ac-

quaintances, without any recommendations beyond that of their certificate from the female gymnasium. On arriving in St. Petersburg, for instance, a girl finds herself immediately in a circle where the relation of the members is almost fraternal, where every student is ready to be of assistance to her, all are ready to do anything and everything in their power, and they live like sister and brother; they come together and learn of each other's woes and sorrows, joys and triumphs. They speak of the conditions of their respective homes, and each sustains the other with sympathy, advice and consolation. Without being conscious of it, a sense of relationship, a bond of intimacy and friendship knits together the students as a body almost idyllic in its reality.

The poverty of the majority of students is proverbial, and the delightful feature of it all is the lightheartedness and cheerfulness with which they all bear it. It is not at all a rare thing to meet a student with a small package of herrings in his pocket and a loaf of bread under his arm, striding towards his room to have an appetizing repast. A student told me once that his normal condition after finishing a meal was to feel that he would like something to eat! Another student whom I once invited to dine with me, told me candidly that I had better be on the lookout, as he meant to have as substantial a meal as his stomach would permit him to carry, since it must feed him prospectively also. "Oh, heavens! oh, heavens!" he exclaimed with mock grimness: "Why am I not a camel, that I might keep some till to-morrow?"*

"Imagine," says Lezhenoff in "*Rudin*," where Turgenieff is describing the period of Alexander the First,

flashing eyes: "Here is your money! Thank you! Oh, I am in luck. Here is a letter that I have just received. It is real godsend." I took up the letter, the style of which was remarkably laconic: "We know that you are on our side. We send you fifty rubles. Expect further monthly remittances." "Of course I am on their side," exclaimed the exultant student. "The Lord be blessed for making two sides! Why, we

* The officials are not loth to avail themselves of this imppecunious state of the students. I recollect, for instance, during Sudeikin's brief regime, when the famous detective was introducing his system of demoralization as the most effective means of killing out the revolutionary movement, a young student from the same province as myself, who had borrowed some money from me, came running into my room, with

"imagine five or six boys come together; the tea that is served is as bad as you can imagine, the biscuits are still worse; and we sit and talk of religion, of poetry, of God, and the destiny of the Russian nation. Our cheeks are aflame, our eyes are kindling ; we talk loud ; we become exultant over nonsense, but what matter?" Almost a repetition of this same scene could be seen on any winter's evening in any of the student's rooms in St. Petersburg. Only they no longer get exultant over nonsense; they know that at any moment they are liable to interruption and intrusion from the police; they know that their harmless assemblies might be construed into dangerous rendezvous for plotting and scheming against the government. They know that since those lines were written, hundreds and thousands of their comrades have preceded them into solitude, into suffering, into exile and even to the scaffold; that the length and breadth of "Holy Russia" is strewn with the white bones of those who have raised their heads for the sake of their country against the Moloch of iniquity; they have become a signal for the succeeding generations to follow in their footsteps, to wage their battle, perhaps to share their fate until the ultimate emancipation of their country is effected. They know that perhaps to-morrow or the day after to-morrow the call will come and they will have to fill the ranks of their fallen comrades. Yet they live and are merry, as if their youth and goodness could insure them security from death and destruction.

I have attempted here to outline the elements on which educational institutions are based in Russia and the deductions which I would draw from them are of two kinds.

The greatest advantage of the Russian system of education coupled with the law of military conscription, which can dine splendidly to-day! You'll dine with me, won't you? and we will have —" etc., etc. The joke was well known amongst the students. The police official kept sending him money which was discreetly appropriated. A lot of students had a good time, and in return for it, when the detective

admits of almost no exception, is that it prevents the existence of a class of young men such as style themselves in England "gentlemen-at-large." Nothing can be more pernicious than this product of western civilization as it illustrates the familiar adage, "Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," aside from the economic consideration that wherever there is a class subsisting on the results of the labor of other generations, the community necessarily suffers from it.

The greatest evil of the system is its protectorial character, its political and governmental supervision. The only thing which the best regulated, the most powerful administration should do for its people is to regulate and adjust the means at the disposal of the community and to arrange it in such a manner as to enable the majority to reap its advantages. When a government endeavors to wield the process of development, especially the intellectual development of a nation, when it begins to prescribe barriers and landmarks of "thus far shalt thou go and no further," it assumes an attitude of infallibility, and by the very contradictory character of such conditions it defeats its own objects; it provokes discontent and ends by battling against all advancement for which purpose all governments exist. Hence the anomalous condition of the Russian educational system: On the one hand stands the intelligence of the country eager to advance, conscious of its own readiness for further progression: On the other hand stands the Russian government, the Russian autocracy, backed by numberless officials and the most stupendous and intricately woven executive, the interests of the least member of which are inseparably linked with those of the highest,—determined to stay the tide of advancement, to prescribe and narrow it, ready even to extirpate it, since it is conscious

asked him to do little services in the shape of reporting the doings and movements of his friends, of course he did so in the most misleading manner, until it became too evident to the police, when his salary was as abruptly stopped as it had unexpectedly come to him.

of the impossibility of its existence with an enlightened, observant and instructed people.

During the transformation epoch, when the fate of every measure in Russia depended on the consideration, "how would it be looked upon in Europe?" the Empress Catherine, Catherine the Great, though she founded schools and universities which excited the admiration of foreigners, openly avowed that she had no desire to see them become popular. "My dear prince," she said once to a favorite of hers, "do not complain that the Russian people are indifferent to education; if I found schools, it is for Europe, because we are Europeans, but if the time shall ever come when the peasant takes to these schools, neither you nor I will be able to hold our positions." The Russian nobility, the Russian upper classes, readily responded to the call of their sovereign, and with their native aptness at once assumed the outward manner of Western civilization. They studied the life and literature of the French, whom they followed in the lead of European progress, and they became more French than those whom they imitated. Russia was passing her war period, her nation-making epoch, and so long as those who knew of better theories of legislation, better modes of government were not disturbed or interfered with in their personal rights so long as their privileges were not abrogated, they remained silent. A different combination of sociological circumstances conspired to prevent the nobility, as a class, from coming into direct conflict with the crown, to prevent either an insensible or a violent revolution from taking place in Russia, as it took place in France, England and the rest of Europe. But the life of no nation, any more than the life of individuals, could ever remain stagnant, and so soon as the evils formulated themselves into palpable grievances, Russian autocracy began to apply remedies, tardy, insufficient, and applied them only at a time when the evil had generated a whole succession of diseases. Meanwhile those

who studied the life and literature of other nations soon found out that they also had a country and a literature and a national life as full of complex problems, and the men who first raised their heads in Russia against the ills of the existing state were the sons of nobles, the sons of the best families who had taken advantage of the schools and institutions founded originally for other purposes and with other motives.

I have pointed out the attraction which the gymnasium offers to the youth of Russia, the privilege it confers, the temptations it holds out, and how readily and rapidly the Russian people has availed itself of it. One of the considerations with a great number of peasants for sending their sons to the gymnasium—though the cost is not inconsiderable—is the hope of their being exempt from the law of military conscription. I cannot even briefly at the present time indicate the hardships and misery of it; but the life of a private in the Russian army makes the meshchanin dread it, and in the provinces even, the peasants resort to the most extreme measures in order to avoid it. What is the result? Twenty years ago the aggregate number of students who enjoyed the higher education comprised sixty per cent. nobles, and now they constitute only twenty per cent., while the rest are mostly the sons of parvenue citizens and peasants. I have pointed out the equalizing influences of the educational institutions of Russia and their essentially democratic constitution; I have indicated the bond of union by which the system links the students together, with the influence which it has upon their character as a whole, their readiness to combine as a class, their training to avoid the vigilance perpetually exercised over them, so that it will be readily seen that when the present student ripens in judgment, matures in understanding, he stands forth shoulder to shoulder with the nobles to protest against and combat those very authorities whom in his childhood he heard only mentioned with awful reverence.

The peasant learns when he is educated that the cause of his parents' sufferings, of their exploitation by the landlord, of every imposition in every form, of every extortion in every mode, was not a passing or local evil removable at the pleasure and with the knowledge of the great head, the Emperor; he rather recognizes it as an essential evil, of which the prevailing system is the absolutely logical sequel, that there is no redress, no retribution, no alternative offered but to combat for the overthrow of the very same system. This is not all. He learns that all effort for reform, that even that apparent triumph of progress, the Emperor's emancipation of twenty-six million of human beings from a condition of serfdom, was but a mocking attempt at the healing of a horrid disease, that the State has stepped into the place of the former proprietor, and that under its exactions and burdens the peasant is less secure of a livelihood, of liberty and his very life than he had ever been before. "That is the reason," exclaimed Mishkin, on his trial, after summing up the oppressive influence of the government, "that is the reason that I, the son of a peasant mother who had been liberated from a state of serfdom, and a father who had been a faithful soldier in the army, that is the reason that I stand here ready to lay down my very life, encouraged with the consciousness that thousands are as ready as I am to perish in their struggle against the system of autocracy."

All the evils of the system are rapidly working out the forces of its own overthrow, of its own destruction. Religious inequality drives hundreds and thousands of malcontents into the ranks of the revolutionists and sows the seed of rebellion all over the land. The very soldiers and officers of the Russian army, the only real support of the government, are already beginning to waver in their allegiance and to weigh their fidelity to the emperor against their duty to the nation. The officer has also been in the gymnasium, has studied with the same comrade, whom he ultimately sees enchain'd and mu-

tated, even if he himself is not commissioned to act as his executioner.

Then the restrictions and limits of the press, the greatest of all evils. Who but the students, who but those to whom the freedom of it is the vital essence of their intellectual life, who but those should strive for it, struggle for it, die for it, if circumstances demand. "Your Majesty, give freedom to the Russian press," wrote the famous Herzen from his exile in London on the occasion of the late emperor's accession to the throne. "Our mind is oppressed and our thoughts weigh heavily on us for want of freedom, for want of expansion. Grant us liberty of speech. We have something to say to the whole world, and to our own people also." The late emperor turned a deaf ear to those prayers, or rather he listened and gave only so much as was sufficient to prove the beneficial results it would work, but stopped short. And the historic tragedy of the Ekaterinovsky canal, the place Alexander II. was killed, is the bloody testimony to what fearful end the conflict of progress and resistance might come, and how fatefully the words of Catherine may be verified. And the government, therefore, are now endeavoring, by a series of reactionary measures, to stay the spread of education. Restrictive laws are passed in rapid succession by the Minister of Education—laws calculated to limit the number of students, to diminish the facilities and to increase the hardships of the higher education. And so alive is the government to the fact that knowledge and enlightenment are detrimental to the system that faculties are abolished at St. Petersburg and elsewhere, to diminish the number of students there; that colleges and even universities are closed on the slightest provocation, with the faintest excuse—as, for instance, in 1884, at Kief, at the jubilee of the Kief University, when the students were all set adrift, and many of them enlisted in the army because, when they were not allowed to take part in the festivities, they indulged in a cat concert! But in the army they only served to spread more widely the discontent, the animosity

and the determined opposition to the prevailing regime, which had become the very principle of their existence. Not only this, but the recent arrests and trials in the army have revealed the fact that these students have not relinquished their zeal into the change of their uniforms, and that the ranks of officers and privates have afforded

them no less a fruitful soil for the seed of their revolutionary principles. And once the army begins to show signs of disaffection, the days of autocracy in Europe and Russia are numbered. Let the unbending support of the army be withdrawn and the present regime in Russia would not last a day.

PINE LANDS IN THE SOUTH.

BY C. J. HADEN.



EASURED upon the scale of usefulness to mankind the yellow pine is the foremost tree of the world. This may be said within the bounds of absolute proof. In its contribution to medicine and the industrial arts it ranks with the Cinchona of Peru and the rubber tree of India. Besides this it produces the most widely used of the commercial lumbers. Moreover, the laps are burnt into charcoal, the leaves (or needles) are used in weaving cotton bagging and coarse mattresses, the stump is turned into the best of kindling wood. The yellow pine thus unsparingly dedicates its blood and body to human comfort, and when skillfully handled, not enough waste material is left to carve a tooth-pick.

Rather than begin at the beginning, let me invert the story, and trace the career of this arbor king backward to the stump. Its gum, by hereinafter mentioned processes, is transformed into tar, pitch, rosin and turpentine, and in these forms percolates the earth. Their utility is limited only by the boundaries of science. Every ship of every flag or fashion has its rigging glazed with rosin, and is calked with pitch. This same rosin

contributes the elasticity to varnish, forms the body of all the fine soaps, and gives the horse-hair on the old fiddle-bow a firmer touch upon the cat-gut cord of the violin. One firm of English soap-makers buy it by the cargo. Both the country doctor and the country teamster pay tribute to the virtue of old-fashioned tar. Turpentine, the greatest of all the solvents, is universal as sunshine, and nearly as indispensable. In the days of childhood we are confronted by it saturated in sugar lump, and forever afterward we know it.

I have seen yellow pine lumber hauled through the streets of ancient Rome; transported by gondolas over the clear waters of the Adriatic into Venice; and discharged from Seine river barges on the docks of Paris. It forms a portion of the stock of every ship-yard on the Clyde; millions of feet of it lie stored on docks for Liverpool and London for the English trade, and almost every day, steamers ascending the Rhine, draw barges laden with it to build new castles or remodel old ones along its siren-haunted shores. This lumber is an important article of trade in the port of Cadiz; and is the principal resource for all sorts of structural work in the great fertile, but treeless region of the Platte river of South America. A few years since, prior to the money convulsion which stranded the Barings of London, not a day

passed that vessels did not clear from the ports of Pensacola or Savannah laden with yellow pine timber bound for Rio Janeiro and other Latin-American ports beyond the equator. This source of demand is fairly good yet, and will re-open with renewed vigor when the financial sorrows of Brazil and the Argentine Republic are soothed.

Beginning among the tide-water counties of the James river in Virginia, the yellow pine forest stretches along the South Atlantic and Gulf to the Rio Grande. This strip varies in width from fifty to one hundred and fifty miles, and the trees vary slightly under the different conditions of soil and climate. Along the humid soil of the palmetto coast of Carolina and the everglades of Florida, a species called the Cuban pine is found, a small tree yielding turpentine and rosin, but too small and scarce to warrant successful saw-milling. Along the northern border of the Piedmont region where the red clay is at the surface, the short leaf pine abounds, which is not tapped for turpentine and produces inferior lumber. A line running directly from Augusta to Albany in Georgia, thence to Brewton, Ala., and thence to Baton Rouge, La., would penetrate the core of the choicest strictly long-leaf yellow pine forest. The forest above the thirty-third degree of latitude has not been found profitable for turpentine. In some instances the long leaf pine has advanced in narrow strips much further north than its natural boundary, notably in the Coosa valley of North Alabama, where once stood about three hundred thousand acres, now much mutilated. The needles of the long leaf pine are usually from seven to nine inches long and the short leaf from four to six. The latter tree tapers much more rapidly as it ascends, and begins putting forth branches usually from twenty-five to thirty feet from the ground; while the former maintains an almost uniform size up to forty and fifty feet, often higher, and in most instances puts forth no branch lower than sixty feet above the ground. The

bark of the short leaf is generally coarse and thick with sap to the depth of two to three inches; long leaf pine has a finer bark adhering closer to the wood, and a shallow sap, often under one inch in depth. The genuine long leaf yellow pine is a graceful tree, straight, erect, free of gnarl abrasions or unshapely limbs, presenting a neat, trim surface and a smooth and rounded cone-shaped bough. Its foliage is a fadeless dark green. In the districts where it develops to its fullest perfection hardly any other trees are found, and but little undergrowth, except along the small streams.

In the undulating lands in the middle portions of South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama, where the soil is light, dry and loamy, with a liberal ingredient of sand near the surface and a clay subsoil, the yellow pine literally "spreads itself." On the hillsides the trees are of slower growth but possess more heart, while in the lower places they grow larger, but require much sap. The wire-grass springs up throughout the forests in these sections early in the spring, making a bright, beautiful green carpet resembling a vast lawn, visible for great distances because of the absence of undergrowth. This grass furnishes good grazing until late summer when it becomes brown and tough, and the tufts bend over like weeping willows. In the late winter it is burned away preparatory to the new crop of grass. The number of yellow pine trees to the acre is quite variable, but averaging over a large area in a good section, it is safe to estimate between fifteen and twenty of sizes large enough for saw-mill purposes. If economically sawed, each tree should average about three hundred square feet of lumber, but the method of sawing in the South is quite wasteful.

Turpentining is mainly done by native Carolinians. These men, having been reared to the business, drift westerly in search of fresh forests. The opening of a turpentine "farm" necessitates the purchase of several thousand acres of timber, or else the turpentine privilege on that area. The lease drawn up between the land owner and

the operator usually stipulates that the latter shall have the unrestricted right to "box" all trees regardless of size for a period of three years (sometimes four), and the usual benefits of an ordinary tenant. The distillery is a small shed with the naked earth for the floor, and a loft. This loft is reached by a ladder, and is used for storing crude gum while filling the caldron. A huge caldron of a thousand gallons capacity or more, set in a brick furnace at one end of the shed, receives and boils the crude gum as it comes from the tree. The process of distillation differs very little from that used in whisky making. The spiral coil of pipe leading from the top of the caldron runs through a large wooden tank filled with cold water, and the steam from the boiling mass of gum, passing through this tank-encased "worm," is condensed, and trickles out into a receptacle. The turpentine which thus comes forth is pure of all foreign element except a small percentage of water, from which it is easily separated because of the difference in specific gravity. The shed, furnace and caldron, a large trough to receive the rosin after the spirits is taken away, tank, pumps and a cooper's shop for making and mending barrels, comprise the working part of a turpentine distillery. The gathering of the gum is the chief cost of production.

The operator locates his plant with the twin purposes of getting near the center of his "farm" and at the same time near the railway station. As between the two conveniences he yields to the former. Many of the plants are located ten or fifteen miles from public transportation, and often many miles from any habitation. These operators enter a new forest and begin life as did Daniel Boone of Kentucky, sleeping on the ground or in small tents while they build huts with their own axes. A big house for the "boss man" and fifteen to twenty shanties for the negroes, and the brigade goes into quarters for three years or more. "Boxing" begins with the rising of the sap in the spring. This work is done by trained laborers

whose stroke with a long-bladed axe made for the purpose is a marvel of precision. A horizontal gash or trough is cut at the base of the tree about six inches above the ground, slanting inward and downward at a forty-five degree angle, about five inches deep and eight inches from end to end. Each box is calculated to hold at least one quart of crude gum, and the uniformity of capacity testifies to the skill of the axeman. Two shallow gashes forming a V, terminating at the lower point immediately over the "box," are then cut with a sharp tool called a "hack." This tool has a blade like an old chisel, with a keen half-circled edge, fixed at the end of a short, heavy handle so as to be drawn toward the user with a sudden stroke like a drawing-knife, and at the opposite end of the handle is fixed a heavy leaden weight to give momentum to the stroke. This hack sometimes plays a deadly part in a gambling broil among the negroes. About once every two weeks a fresh gash is cut above each of the two first sides of the V, the new ones blending into the old. Thus it is continued and fresh rosin is kept oozing from the sap, and slowly trickling down the new gash, drips into the box. Every few days the "dippers" make the rounds of the trees, remove the rosin from the boxes into buckets, thence into barrels stationed at intervals through the forest, and the teamsters, following behind, transport the barrels to the distillery. Often the crude gum is thus hauled six and eight miles. A large tree will usually have three boxes, a moderate sized one two, and the saplings one. Even a tiny stripling of six inches diameter at the base must "stand and deliver" and be maimed for life.

The first year's hacking extends upward about twelve inches, and in the early spring of each subsequent year the work is resumed. The crude gum that clots and hardens like blood on the wounded tree turns white; thus at a glance the forest presents the appearance of a gathering of masons with their lamb-skin aprons. This clotted rosin is called "scrape," a word indi-

eating the method by which it is gathered late in the season, and distilled. The yield of the gum of a medium-sized tree is from two to five gallons in a season, being influenced by late or early cold snaps, in the same manner as other vegetation.' About twenty-five per cent. of the gum is pure spirits of turpentine, and the remaining seventy-five becomes rosin, after allowing about five per cent. for waste.

The rosin is poured into large, cheaply-made, pine barrels while it is yet warm, and hardens quickly. It is graded under a number of classifications, such as "virgin," "window-glass," "water-white," names indicating their relative colors and value. A standard barrel weighs two hundred and eighty pounds. Turpentine is of uniform quality and is quoted as "spirits." Few staple commodities fluctuate between such wide extremes as does the refined juice of the evergreen pine. I have known it to run the whole gamut from twenty-six to forty-six cents per gallon in one season. It is shipped in the best oak barrels holding about fifty gallons each, and so difficult is it to keep within the casks that an inner coating of glue is used to caulk up invisible pores in the wood. Of late years iron tanks are coming into use.

The commercial importance of naval stores is shown by the report of the Board of Trade of Savannah, of 1893, that city being the largest market in the world. During that year two hundred and seventy-three thousand five hundred and sixty-six barrels of "spirits" passed through that port outward bound, worth, in round figures, four million dollars, and one million two thousand six hundred and fifty-nine barrels of rosin, worth a little in excess of three million dollars. In my judgment (not fortified by any printed statistics), I would say this is about one-sixth of the total product. The list of markets to which these naval stores are shipped, illustrate the world-wide demand. Barcelona, Spain, took sixteen thousand nine hundred and forty-five barrels of rosin in 1893; Venice, Italy, took six thousand two

hundred and forty-two; Genoa, thirty-five thousand nine hundred and eighty-three; London, twenty-nine thousand four hundred and forty-seven; Buenos Ayres, twenty thousand five hundred; and Trieste takes more than Boston. The list is sprinkled with the unpronounceable names of remote Russian, Chinese and even African ports. New York ranks first on the role of buyers, Baltimore coming second, and Hamburg, Germany, being third. The distribution of "spirits" is in nearly the same proportion and over the same broad territory.

Saw-milling in the yellow pine country differs very little from the same industry in other parts of America. While the Michigan operator hauls in his logs on snow sleds during the winter, in the South they are transported by enormous two-wheeled carts. A plant in the South which is located with a view of remaining at the same spot for more than two or three years, must either have a stream large enough to float timber or else to build logging railroads to feed the ever-craving appetite of the big buzz saw. A mill of the larger type will consume the trees on from five to ten acres a day, and the rapidly widening swath soon removes the log supply far beyond reach of teams. For each mile of railway about fourteen hundred acres of additional timber is made accessible. Thus in the course of a few years the mill owner has as much invested in railway as in mill. These tram roads are usually standard gauge steel track equipped with second-hand rolling stock, and when they have reached a sufficient length, do public traffic. Sometimes they incorporate under the railroad laws and become common carriers, handling both mail and express. Every few miles along one of the railways penetrating the pine region may be seen one of these tram roads, "siphons of the forest," stretching out like the tentacles of an octopus, drawing in lumber and logs and naval stores for ten, twenty and sometimes thirty miles from the back country. It is best to store pine logs in water, or else to saw them up within a few days from

the time the trees are cut down, if cut in summer. Generally the logs are sawn the same day the trees are felled. I have known instances where trees cut one morning were loaded on the ocean vessel in the port one hundred miles away on the day following. Transportation, or properly the lack of it, is a great source of annoyance and loss to mill operators. With an output of five or six car-loads a day the storage space on the skids rapidly fills up, and in times when the empty cars are scarce, mills are often choked up and forced to close down temporarily.

Inadequate logging capacity is the commonest cause of financial misfortune with mills in the yellow pine country. Frequent stoppages to wait for the log trains with a large force of idle men on the pay-roll is a misfit which few Southern mills have had the forethought to avert. Freight rates deeply affect the yellow pine people. The bulk of the interior business comes from a great distance, much of it from beyond the Ohio. The freight charges to Pittsburg or Cleveland is nearly double the value of the lumber at the place of production, and the raising of the rate one or two cents per hundred pounds sometimes deprives the mills along an entire railroad line of a whole district in the North which had hitherto been a profitable customer. The currents of the trade are constantly shifting and crossing. The Georgia mills are shipping to Chicago and to points even further west, while the Arkansas mills are sending their product to Pennsylvania points.

Yellow pine is now used almost exclusively throughout the North, indeed the whole country, in the construction of railway cars and bridges and trestles. There is a lingering prejudice in the minds of many against the use of yellow pine that has been turpentined. While even the experts cannot distinguish between the lumber sawn from the "boxed" and the "unboxed" trees, yet some of the architects and engineers have insisted that there was a difference. To settle this question Professor B. E. Farnow, chief of the forestry department of the govern-

ment at Washington, caused repeated tests to be made, and after the most rigid scientific investigation reported in the following language:

"Further tests and examinations now permit the announcement without reserve, that the timber of long leaf pine is in no way affected by the tapping for turpentine. This refers to its mechanical as well as chemical properties, and hence even the reservation that it might suffer in durability is now eliminated, and any prejudice against the use of bled timber in construction wherever the unbled timber has been considered desirable must fall as having no foundation in fact, being based only on vague belief proved to be erroneous."

Indeed, even if the bleeding did diminish its strength, which is not the case, this would be no objection to the lumber for indoor finish work. Within the past decade, yellow pine for flooring, ceiling and wainscoting has pushed its way by pure merit into hundreds of new markets through the North, and is now preferred to any other of the moderate priced materials. In Great Britain and on the Continent it is esteemed along with oak and cherry for ornamental housework.

The great gateways through which our yellow pine exports pass out are Wilmington, Charleston, Savannah, Darien, Brunswick, Pensacola, Mobile, Scranton and Sabine Pass. Of these it is probable that Pensacola leads, with Scranton and Darien close behind. Two constellations of saw mill plants on the "Sunset route," one at Orange, Texas, at the crossing of the Sabine river, and the other at Beaumont, at the crossing of the Natchez river, draw their supply of logs from along those streams, and raft their export product down to Sabine Pass, where it is transferred to the ocean vessels. In addition to these excellent facilities they have a vast prairie stretching to the west of them and mainly dependent upon them for building material. Owing to the humid soil which marks the margin of the Mississippi great distances on either side, yellow pine is an exile to the commerce of that colos-

sal stream, and such of it as passes through New Orleans is carried there by rail. The oldest of the export markets, and still one of the largest, is the quaint old town of Darien, Georgia, at the mouth of the Altamaha river. The two main streams of the State, the Ocmulgee and the Ocnee, penetrate several hundred miles of choice pine forest, and for fifty years have borne upon their bosoms rafts of hewn timbers destined for the old world. Darien was settled by sturdy Scotchmen in the middle of the last century, bold fighters sent there to protect the Georgia border against the Florida Spaniards; and the place still breathes of the atmosphere of the colonial era—its palmy days, for no railroad has yet trespassed there. While in Darien, in December last, I saw thirteen foreign vessels loading with yellow pine timber, with an aggregate capacity of over eleven million feet.

Arkansas leads in the area of standing timber as well as in the gross out-put of yellow pine lumber. It is estimated that this State alone sends forth nearly one billion feet annually, all to the interior market for domestic consumption. Texas probably ranks second, that enormous strip of timber between the Louisiana line and the prairies shipping annually over seven hundred million feet, nearly half of which reaches the markets by ship. Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama and Georgia are about evenly matched, each of which States produces between three hundred million and four hundred million feet per year. I have no accessible data regarding the Carolinas and Florida, but it is certain that they fall below the States just named. The annual out-put of yellow pine in the Southern States is probably not far from three billion feet, worth something like fifty million dollars, more than one-third of which goes foreign, a heavy weight in our favor in the balance of trade. The last census report shows lumber to be the foremost manufacturing industry of America in point of amount invested and men employed, and yellow pine of the South is the largest item in the budget.

Like the mineral deposits of the South, our timber resources were also tardy in developing. Twenty years ago yellow pine was unheard of in the North as a house-finishing material; now it is the principal dependence for this purpose. It has supplanted oak for making car-sills, and dethroned ash in the construction of machinery requiring strength. The Government Arsenal at Brookline, Mass., was first to test the comparative strength of ash and long leaf yellow pine, and discovered, after twenty-seven experiments, that the latter timber could resist thirty per cent. more pressure on a transverse strain than the former. Subsequent tests made at Washington by the Forestry Department corroborates the Brookline experiments. Indeed, in Bulletin No. 8 of this department, issued in the latter part of 1893, the learned Professor Fernow says of yellow pine: "It is probably the strongest timber in large sizes to be had in the United States." Again in the same paper he says: "Oak timber, when used in large sizes, is apt to be more or less cross-grained, knotty, and season-checked, so that large oak beams and posts will average much lower in strength than the long leaf pine, which is usually free from these defects." As this gentleman is a German by birth, having never lived in the Southern States, and with no interests here, his statements are unbiased. And, speaking under the sanction of government authority, with the deliberation peculiar to thoroughly educated scientists, his opinion carries conviction. In summing up his ably written review of the long leaf yellow pine, he says: "For highway and railway wooden bridges and trestles, for the entire floor system of what is now termed 'mill' or 'slow-burning' construction, for masts of vessels, for ordinary floors, joists, rafters, roof-trusses, mill-frames, derricks, and bearing piles: also for agricultural machinery, wagons, carriages, and especially for passenger and freight cars, in all their parts requiring strength and toughness, the long-leaf pine is peculiarly fitted."

The area of this long leaf yellow pine now standing is not known with any degree of exactness. In the Carolinas the forests have been so honey-combed with farms as to leave it parcelled into patches and strips. The timber in Florida, except in the Northwestern part of the State, is quite thin, and any acreage estimate would be deceptive. It has been estimated that Georgia has approximately seventeen thousand square miles yet standing, and that this body is being cut down at the rate of three hundred square miles per year. It is fair to estimate that at least one-half of this timber is inaccessible at present even by tram roads, owing to its remoteness. Between the Chattahoochee and the Mississippi Rivers about forty thousand square miles is said to be standing, of which it is probable that considerably more than one-half is inaccessible, for the reason just mentioned, railroads being much scarcer in those States than in Georgia. The strip of yellow pine along West Louisiana and East Texas is said to be about ten thousand square miles. The area of Arkansas is in doubt, but it contains more than Georgia, though the Arkansas timber is not strictly long leaf yellow pine. In that State the leaf is shorter and the wood softer and not so heavy—excellent for indoor finish but not so good for structural purposes.

The demand for yellow pine is rapidly increasing, and its supply is decreasing by inverse ratio. Within recent years these facts have commenced to dawn upon the public, and the timbered lands began to appreciate in price. Northern investors, especially those from the Northwest who had made barrels of money in Michigan timber land speculations, are buying up rapidly the larger yellow pine tracts that are for sale. They are profiting by their experiences in the white pine country, where the value of pine lands advanced in twenty years twenty-five for one. These investments have been sharply accelerated in the past five years by the discovery that the soil of this timber belt, especially in Georgia and Alabama, is the choicest fruit and vegetable land in America.

Will the hand of Government ever be raised against the wasteful destruction of our forests? This is a pertinent question. The Department of Agriculture has tangibly encouraged the planting of trees in the prairies, but there is no legal authority by which it can discourage vandalism against trees ready grown. Learned lawyers shake their heads whenever it is suggested that the state attempt to regulate the use, or even restrain the abuse, of private property. Americans are slow to concede the full truth that "private rights end where public good begins." There is no danger of a timber famine during the present generation. Beyond the influence of forest denudation upon the water courses, those now living, have but little concern in this issue. But the same spirit of patriotism which sacrifices life to beneath liberty ought to enact laws to preserve the source of wealth and pleasure. We make posterity a subject of holiday orations, but the truth is we have been more assiduous in issuing long-time national and municipal bonds for the unborn to discharge than in preserving to them the means of payment. In the yellow-pine country alone it is safe to calculate that five per cent. of the accessible large timber is being destroyed annually. In view of the fact that to grow a well developed yellow pine tree more than one hundred years is required, the future timber supply becomes a matter of alarm. The present rate of devastation continued a few years longer and desirable timber for heavy structural work will become a high-priced luxury, and even ordinary house-building material will quadruple in price.

Germany began to regulate the destruction and replanting of her forestry after the best of it had been slaughtered, yet national interference has been a boon to the Empire. The laws are not so severe as has been reported in this country. Certain tracts of timbered land in that country are owned by the Government in fee simple, and officials educated to this work annually mark trees which are to be cut and designate where new trees are to be

planted. There are other timbered tracts upon which the Government only has certain rights, where officials assist and advise. In cases where the timber is purely private property the Government laws are in the main advisory, furnishing expert oversight, and offering rewards for trees re-planted. The same general plan is in operation in France, Italy, and other European countries. Germany alone has four or five schools of forestry where students are thoroughly trained in everything relating to arboriculture. Yet, with all this precaution through centuries, Germany has not been able to recover from the unrestrained destruction which preceded Government control. I have seen many rafts descending the Rhine from the Black Forest in which the largest log would have been spurned by a Southern mill man as "too small to mess with."

The tapping of small trees for turpentine is paralleled in point of wastefulness only by the killing of wild buffalo for their hides. The operators admit that small trees hardly more than pay for their working, but as they lease by the acre they proceed upon the salvage system. The small trees are not necessarily killed, but they are stunted, with but little hope of reaching maturity. If the land owner would reserve these, deducting the difference in the lease price, all parties would be the richer. The inherent power of eminent domain, lodged in the state, is sufficient to command the lessor and the lessee to this plan. If public policy requires the state to fix the tolls of railroads, taking from private investors in the stocks of common carriers, the privilege of making rates, then it would be no extension of communal power to enjoin the slaughter of the baby pines. If even this much should be done, with moderate inducements to plant and preserve trees, swift devastation would be checked and the otherwise certain forestry famine be averted.

The rolling, loamy lands of the South are destined to be a garden spot of the United States. This is not a figure of speech born of a hopeful imagination,

nor is it a biased belief, but it is based upon a fixed law of fitness. There was a time, not many years ago, when people regarded the soil of the pine belt as barren. There was a time, also, when the gold of California was nature's secret, when the vast mineral deposits of Alabama were unnoticed, when the oil arteries of Pennsylvania were to the human mind even less than an "iridescent dream." These, like most of the endowments of the great and generous Giver, had the breath of life breathed into them by discovery. After a slow process of unfolding, the hitherto rejected soil has proven to be the corner-stone of our commerce. Experiment proved that a patch of early cabbages in the vicinity of Mobile paid a larger net profit than a plantation on the Alabama river. A thrifty man of German extraction established a colossal orchard and nursery in Houston county, Georgia, and cleared \$30,000 on his fruit in a single year. His success was contagious. Houston county boomed and bloomed; lands doubled and quadrupled in price, and last year two railway stations in the county shipped two hundred and fifty car-loads of fruit, yielding the shippers heavy profits. An able writer, who has investigated the subject, has said that one peach crop in every seven years in south-central Georgia will pay a larger cash profit than seven cotton crops on the same area. The late Henry Grady became enthused over the future of truck farming in South Georgia about ten years ago and beneath the magic touch of his pen, fields of water-melons, tomatoes, cabbages, and pomegranates sprang into life between Thomasville and Savannah. I have in mind one grower who has been making ten thousand dollars a year and upwards for the past decade. A turpentine operator in Worth county cleared up one hundred and twenty acres of land around his house about ten years ago and planted it in fruit trees and vines. The land cost him three or four dollars an acre; the plants worked for nothing and boarded themselves and multiplied; last year in the midst of the panic he sold his place for one hundred and

twenty dollars an acre cash. Should these words pass under the eye of the skeptical, he is asked to remember that the names and further details are both subject to his demand.

Within recent years sea-island cotton has been grown as far as one hundred and fifty miles inland successfully. The method and cost of cultivation are about the same as ordinary cotton, the yield about equal, and price about two and one-half times greater. By getting new seeds each year from the coast the staple maintains its perfect standard. The success of experiments in growing sea-island cotton has sharply stimulated the price of lands in the interior counties, where it has been done. The culture of tobacco in the pine section has now had about five years of methodical tests. It has been watched with a degree of jealousy by the growers of North Carolina, who claim that the leaf is not so good as theirs, yet at the same time they concede that the Georgia yield per acre is about twice as much as in the "Old North State." At the experimental farm of the Georgia, Southern & Florida railroad at Cyclonetta, Irwin county, Georgia, barns and factories have been established for the manufacture of tobacco. This farm, covering one thousand acres, was cleared of the pine growth in 1889; today it is the very emblem of plenty, and the expanse of waving fruit trees and growing crops makes a vision of rural beauty.

The combination of dry surface lands and pine trees forms a natural sanitarium. These, with the addition of artesian wells, have caused Thomasville, Georgia, to become the Mecca of the afflicted. Perhaps nowhere in the world are the environments more friendly to the preservation of human life than in the undulating pine lands of the southern states. Artesian wells remove the last barrier. Even those sections of the South along the river marshes or the lagoons reputed to be malarious have been found healthful, with pure water from deep-bored wells. In a recent magazine article, Mr. James R. Randall, the distinguished author of "*My Maryland*," refutes the wide-

spread error which attributes malaria to impure air rather than to impure water.

A tide of immigration now beginning to flow into this section will plant pears to take the place of the pines. In the forest belt the proportion of colored population is very small; certainly not too large to be an obstacle to thrifty white settlers. Fruit and vegetable canning factories will supplant the saw-mill; and a more enduring prosperity will rise founded upon the indestructible elements of the soil. Here cheap lands and abundant sunshine reward labor and investment with a lavish hand. It is a paradise of the poor man. In the near and swift approaching future among the most prosperous portions of America will be the pine-clad slopes of the South.

The rapid revival of the South—a record of recuperation unparalleled by any prostrated country of history—is attributable more to the pine belt than to any other section. Lumber is the great sinew of our strength. Nature has endowed us with a monopoly of turpentine and rosin, these things being producable nowhere else in the world, an heritage which, if properly preserved, will prove a reservoir of wealth for generations yet unborn. Intrinsic worth and the steady diminution of supply will go on advancing the prices of naval stores from year to year. The soil, when bereft of trees, has only begun its career of fruitfulness. Each season the loamy lands of the far South send forth their products to the great markets earlier than they did the preceding season. Thus a prodigious factor of commerce has been established within recent years which pours into the lap of the South large revenues hitherto unknown. Our people are just beginning to utilize the abundant sunshine and wealth of soil which Providence has given us so unsparingly. At no remote day will the South enjoy in all its fullness both a political and a commercial prestige greater than even that of its palmy days of slavery; a prosperity founded upon the enduring rock of human freedom.

PEOPLE WORTH KNOWING.

EMMA KEATS SPEED.



Photograph by Fallot, Paris.

AMONG the artists in the South few have won a more enviable position than Emma Keats Speed, of Louisville, and none have given such an earnest of future success.

By all the rights of heredity, Miss Speed should hold a high position in any sphere, descended as she is from people distinguished both in America and England. She is the great niece of that rare genius, the poet, John Keats, and the great niece also of the distinguished James B. Speed, who was Attorney-General in Lincoln's Cabinet. On her mother's side she is descended from the Ewings and the Butlers, who were revolutionary soldiers and patriots. Her father was a Kentuckian, and served in the Union army as captain of the Fourth Kentucky Cavalry; he was a gallant soldier, and his courage won recognition on more than one battle-field.

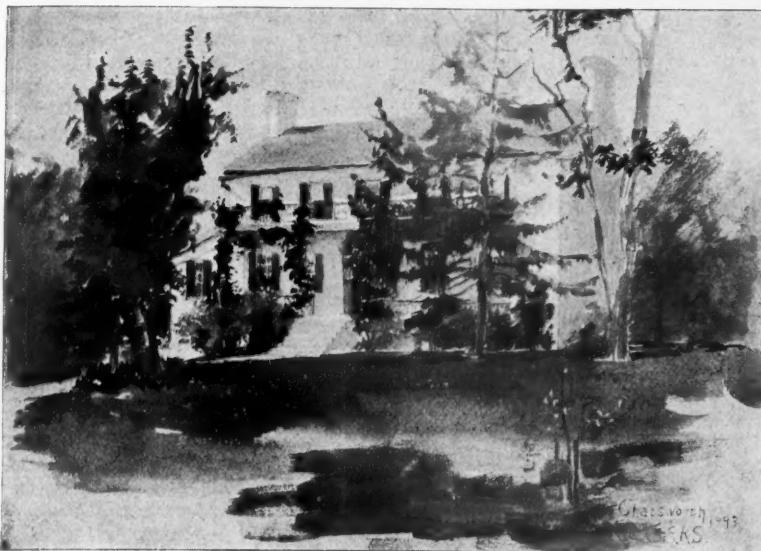
Miss Speed is free from the foibles common to her sex. She does not hesitate to say that she was born at Chatsworth twenty-five and one-half years ago; and she will not abate the half either.

Chatsworth is the old manor house near Louisville, where the Speeds have

lived for two generations. It stands, deep-set in fine forest trees on a little knoll, whose elevation gives it a commanding position. It is one of those fine old-fashioned places, simple in architecture and unpretentious, and yet solid, substantial and home-like. The property, consisting of about five thousand acres, was given by the government to a certain Dutchman, for meritorious service during the Revolutionary War. After living here some time, he sold it to Colonel Richard K. Taylor, of Virginia, who lived there with his family, one of whom was a boy, Zachary Taylor, afterwards President of the United States.

While the residence of the Taylors, this Chatsworth had linked with it another name famous in history. It seems that a gallant young soldier, one Lieutenant Davis, came courting old Colonel Taylor's winsome daughter. For some reason now unknown, the bluff old colonel opposed the match, and the young folks determined to elope. The young lady was assisted from the second-story window by





From painting by Emma Keats Speed.

'Chatsworth.'

means of a ladder, and was conducted to the cabin of a faithful old family servant, where a preacher was in waiting. There, amid such humble surroundings, the sister of a man soon to be President of the United States was married to Jefferson Davis, who was himself destined to be President of the Confederacy. This historic old cabin is still standing on the Speed place, and is still in use.

So at Chatsworth Miss Speed grew up, passionately fond of the woods and the fields, and wild gallops over the downs with her brothers. Her love of nature is not the maudlin delirium of the city-bred, to whom it is all novel; but a strong, steady development of feeling in one who has lived always a free, open life in the country. The green fields and the stretches of landscape that have formed the subjects of her water-colors, hold for her all the pleasant associations of childhood, and she paints them not only as an artist who knows them, but as one who genuinely loves them.

Early in life she showed a decided fondness for drawing and for color. This inclination was developed in her

preparatory work at Hampton College, where she began work in the studio. The years brought stronger evidences of artistic ability, and she determined to make an artist of herself. She has always been a hard worker, serious and desperately in earnest in whatever she undertakes; so after this determination she devoted her attention entirely to her work, refusing herself all the pleasures of society, which the high social position of her family brought to her.

Next she entered the Art Students' League, of New York, and worked under Kenyon Cox and J. Carroll Beckwith. Here she studied with conscientious and earnest devotion, and won the praise of her preceptors. From New York, in company with her friend Miss Elizabeth Chase, another Southern artist, she went to Paris. These two determined young women rented a little suite of rooms, and, in spite of many difficulties and obstacles and the discouragement of friends, worked with true Anglo-Saxon "grit." Miss Speed was entered at Julian's at the Passage de Panorama, and studied under the well-known



Painting by Emma Keats Speed.

Ipswich, Mass.

artists, Benjamin Constant and Jules Lefebre. The eccentric but brilliant Marie Bashkirtseff left the Passage de Panorama just prior to Miss Speed's entrance there. She says that many were the stories told of Miss Bashkirtseff and her peculiarities. Her characteristic trait, as might be inferred from the famous "Diary," was her extreme emotionality. She never failed to weep if any picture received a place above her own. While in Paris, Miss Speed spent her summers down at Giverny on the Seine, where she worked in water-colors. Here Monet, one of the greatest of modern painters, has his home.

After two years' work in Paris, during which she made rapid progress in her chosen profession, Miss Speed returned to her native city. Here she at once was put in charge of the studio of Hampton College, by her former teacher, Miss Bartlett, who is chief of the art department of that well-known institution.

The past summer Miss Speed spent in Ipswich, Mass., painting under the well-known artist, Arthur W. Dow. Ipswich is a delightful old town, claiming, after Plymouth and Salem, to be the oldest in New England. It is three miles from the coast, the water backing up to the old place through the bay and salt marshes. It is an old fishing town, full of strange legends of the past, and quaint old houses and queer old people — a very artist's country, indeed.

At Ipswich, according to some traditions, Captain Kidd buried his treasure, and at stated intervals, even

to this day, explorations are made there. In old Ipswich, Miss Speed has painted a number of beautiful water-colors. Her execution is always sympathetic, and her eye for color strong and true; besides, there is a poetic quality in her treatment that is original and pleasing, and gives to whatever she does an individual stamp.

She has painted the wide marshes and the broad dunes of the Ipswich coast, catching the rich coloring infusing into it all a subtle, artistic and feeling that even a layman can see and appreciate. She has also worked in black and white, using the new Japan paper very successfully, as the two drawings reproduced in this article show. One of them is the Waldo homestead, where the ancestors of Ralph Waldo Emerson have long lived, and the other is a view of old Ipswich bridge and town. *J. B. C.*



Drawn by Emma Keats Speed.

The Waldo House Ipswich.



WJD

IT seems that the stories of how negroes, presumed to be inoffensive, are lynched in the South—stories which no longer find credence in the most credulous and prejudiced communities on this side of the Atlantic—are gaining belief and arousing sympathy on the other side. Some of our British cousins—who, like the three tailors of London, are of the opinion that they are the people of England—feel called on to remonstrate. Upon very slight examination of the testimony offered and despite an entire ignorance of the true condition of affairs, they have persuaded themselves that they are concerned in these acts and even that they can assist in their correction. With this view, committees have been appointed by these philanthropists, whose charity is apparently of that kind which works most assiduously at a great distance from home, and telegraphic protests have been sent to the governors of certain southern states meant to convince the recipients of how wrong and wicked it is to punish black men who outrage white women, except in a mild and deliberate manner.

As might have been expected, the replies to these communications have not been of a nature to encourage further interference. Where answer has been given at all it has been in the nature of a tart reminder that it is a wise and salutary practice for all men—even Englishmen—to attend to their own business.

Yet, while perfectly recognizing how natural are such responses, and by no

means deeming them inappropriate, we almost regret that others had not been sent, framed in accordance with the maxim that “it is well to answer a fool according to his folly.”

These people should, we think, be invited to come and investigate the matter—to see for themselves. All we would ask is that they thoroughly investigate, and not simply listen to theoretical disquisitions upon the evils of a prompt punishment for a very heinous offense, administered without the usual forms of law. We would have them learn how difficult it is (on account of the insensibility of the offenders to the usual effect of example afforded in the slow course of ordinary legal procedure) to inflict any punishment which shall be deterrent unless it be also prompt and seem to savor of vengeance. We know very well that the declaration will sound unseemly and even brutal in some ears; but we say advisedly that there are criminals to whom the idea of justice dispassionately administered is unintelligible, and who can understand and consequently fear no punishment, unless they believe it dictated by a feeling of revenge. The negro rapist can no more appreciate the more sublimated regard for the well being of society and the preservation of order, which inspire the disposition to give him a fair trial according to law, than he can understand the theories of Darwin or LaPlace. But he well knows what is meant by the cry of an indignant people determined that swift retribution shall be visited for cruel and atrocious crime.

No people ought to understand this better than the English, for no civilized people have had dealing with more numerous semi-civilized races whom it has been necessary to control in this wise. No people should be more lenient to another compelled by harsh necessity to the same course of conduct, for none has more promptly recognized and more ruthlessly executed such policy.

By all means, therefore, we should have these parties, so much interested in the humane and equitable treatment of the negro in the South, come upon the ground and obtain accurate, personal, ocular information about a matter of which it seems that they have made up their minds to be not only critics but judges. In common fairness they ought not to accept the bare statement of a very doubtful witness, or be content with merely supplementing such testimony by a brief and necessarily imperfect telegraphic inquiry. Let them come and stay until they are informed. We feel quite sure that they will soon become convinced that these "southern outrages" are more on the side of the blacks than of the whites; and when a few cases have come under their observation wherein white women and female children have been made the victims of a savage and cruel, a bestial passion, of which they have now, perhaps, no adequate conception, they may conclude that they have too hastily volunteered advice which so strongly implies censure.

The number of Englishmen who have implicitly credited these stories is, we feel sure, quite small. The great mass of their countrymen are not inclined, one would imagine, to take the word of a negress who can furnish no credentials save her color that she has any right to preach such a crusade. But the Southern people have a profound interest and concern in this matter. It is important to them, and they really desire that it shall be rightly and thoroughly understood. We do sometimes lynch negroes in the South. We regret extremely that we feel obliged to do so. But we expect to continue this punishment so long as the peculiar crime for

which it is inflicted shall be so frequently committed; and inasmuch as this crime is rarely committed by others than negroes, it follows that they will most frequently suffer.

The people of the northern and eastern states, when smarting under similar provocation, exhibit resentment in the same emphatic manner; and if Englishmen would not act likewise under like circumstances then we must believe that they have very recently experienced a complete and most remarkable change of heart and of national character.

THE SOUTH AND THE GOVERNMENT.

The people of the Southern States, while accepting in perfect good faith every necessary and logical result of the civil war and of their defeat, have never consented to admit either that they were insincere in their action or mistaken in their interpretation of the constitutional provisions on which they based it. While acquiescing absolutely in the conclusion forced by the sword, that no state must again attempt to secede, they have insisted that the construction out of which arose the doctrine of secession—that it was a necessary corollary of the sovereignty of the state—was just and correct before; at any rate, such unanswerable settlement of the matter was compelled.

But if anything could make them repent of past conduct and discard lingering adherence to ancient opinions, it would be the rotten jargon uttered by the apologists for "strikes" and "boycotts" and the attempt to substitute a bastard theory of Federal limitation for the doctrine of state sovereignty, pure and undefiled, to which they once subscribed.

Men who loudly advocated the armed suppression of the attempt by the people of fifteen states, acting through their organized state governments, to withdraw from a "union" of states and establish a "confederacy" of states—who urged the right of the Federal authority to put down with fire and sword such undertaking, although nine-tenths of the people of each state which was a party to it, desired

its consummation, and the only interruption to the ordinary enforcement of law or danger of disorder grew out of the Federal interference with the attempt—such men now insist that organized bands of rioters engaged in insolvent and flagrant violation of private rights and public obligations, who defy the authority of state and general government alike and break all laws and statutes, shall pursue their course free of any check which the Federal power can exert. We are told by such casuists that when thousands of ruffians seize and destroy property, threaten the lives of peaceable citizens and meet with jeering contempt or open resistance all official effort to restrain them, such action is not to be deemed insurrection if the offenders only happen to be representatives of organized labor. We are told that the president of the United States shall have no discretion to decide nor may any officer of the government determine when its peace is endangered and its authority defied, so long as the acts which require correction are sanctioned by a labor chief. The lawless conditions may be ever so audacious and injurious; they may have become as chronic as they are mischievous, but we must not presume that they cannot be suppressed by the governor of the state wherein they occur—be he coward or accomplice—provided he will only assert that he is able to deal with them. After reading some of these utterances, one might almost believe that there are clauses of the constitution which have escaped ordinary and even judicial scrutiny, guaranteeing exemption from all responsibility to "affiliated associations" for acts which, if done by other citizens the Federal arm might justly be stretched forth to punish. Indeed, if there be any reason in the complaints preferred because of the injunctions granted by the United States courts to restrain interference with or destruction of property in the hands of their receivers, or prevent interruption of the mails or of interstate commerce—if the censure of Mr. Cleveland because of his execution of such orders and processes be just—those who indulge in such

criticism may with propriety go a step farther and insist that the power of the Federal government may be invoked to aid instead of repress the peculiar methods by which labor seeks to right the wrongs, real or supposed, it suffers from capitalistic monopoly.

But both judicial and constabulary functions, they say, must be exercised with due regard to that intangible essence within or behind the law, which every man—but more especially the man who finds the letter of the law against him—professes to regard as his palladium. Laws, organic or statutory, are not in harmony with the needs, ideas or claims of those who believe that the articles in which organized labor expresses its aspirations constitute a *suprema sex* even in greater degree than the safety of the community. We have recently seen the predicate of this contention thus stated.

"In the strike of 1894, for the moral rights of labor, the men claim that in the consideration of the distribution of their joint product they shall be consulted. This is what the strike really means in terms of economy. They claim this upon the obvious teaching of the moral law, deduced from the implacable law of nature, that every man who would live must produce the means of life. They demand that as producers of wealth they shall possess some degree of rational control over the distribution of that wealth, or, under the existing social system, shall at least be recognized as rational factors to be considered in its proportionate distribution."

This puts very smoothly a demand, which, thus generalized and considered apart from the fashion in which it was and always will be asserted, seems quite equitable. So also does Falstaff's declaration that "young men must live," while we are ignorant of at whose expense and in what manner the living is to be gained. How apparently fair and exquisitely vague is this definition of the striker's conception of his "moral rights!" "They demand as producers of wealth they shall possess some degree of rational control over the distribution of that

wealth." Without stopping to remark that to everybody, not included in the ranks of the strikers and their fortunately few apologists, the sort of control these "producers of wealth" seek to exercise over it seems the very reverse of "rational," and that it can hardly be called an equitable distribution of wealth to prohibit its use or destroy it—without resorting to an argument which may appear to be addressed less against the theory than the excesses committed by its advocates—we may say that this statement simply begs the whole question. It boldly presupposes that of the whole vast population of this continent, the men who struck and are prepared to always render similar response to the orders or advice of Debs and the other dictators, are entitled to especial consideration; that they are par excellence the producers of wealth; that all the vast commerce which is moved by the American railroads; that all the enormous production of our mines, our fields and our forests, as well as of our multiform industrial machinery, is the "joint product" of the A. R. U. and kindred associations, about the distribution of which, or of its proceeds estimated in cash, they have a peculiar right to be consulted. We might be justified in inquiring how they acquired such right; how it has happened that while all other people must be content to influence the distribution of the "joint product" only in the very general and ancient ways of exchange and barter, methods fixed by the operation of supply and demand, they are entitled to use means unknown in the markets wherein labor, capital and product are regulated in value accordingly as they happen to be more or less useful or necessary to mankind.

But we are really more curious to know—conceding that they should be entitled to and permitted this special privilege—how they are going to practically utilize it. We know how they have heretofore attempted to do so. But while there has been no strike not accompanied by violence and the most brutal interference with the rights of other people, the most out-

rageous cruelty and tyranny perpetrated on other laboring men who have not subscribed to the opinions and have refused to imitate the conduct of the "representatives of organized labor." We are always assured that these are but the accidents and are not the essential elements of the effort, the "strike for the moral rights of labor;" and Mr. Debs is accredited with the declaration that he has lost faith in the "strike," however conducted or enforced. How, then, will "organized labor," as against all other labor and the vast mass of people who live partly by labor and partly by a judicious use of property—not to speak of the corporations and capitalists, who perhaps will, after a while, not be permitted to live at all—how will "organized labor" formulate this claim and assert in action? It surely can never be done without detriment and inconvenience to an immense multitude of other people who have had some share in the "joint production" of this aggregate wealth, and who will most certainly think that the according such privilege to one and a comparatively small class will be a great wrong and injustice to themselves.

It will never be done. There is neither sense nor right in the claim, and were there both it could not, in justice to society generally, be admitted. Just as the people of the southern states were compelled to abandon a position infinitely more reasonable and tenable—one to which we even yet believe no logical objection has ever been urged—simply because its maintenance endangered the welfare and threatened the safety of the rest of the country, so "organized labor" must abandon a pretension which has nothing to commend it, and is only absurd.

We cannot have two kinds of government on this continent, each commanding obedience, one of law, another composed of "orders" and "associations," which proclaim themselves superior to law. This truth is recognized more clearly, perhaps, by the people of the South than by the population of any other section, for in this respect they have passed through

an experience which is not easily forgotten. Nowhere will claims so baseless, yet so dangerous, meet with less sympathy than in the South. Our pride, if nothing else, would make

us resent the suggestion that a few labor agitators can brave with impunity a government which fifteen southern states could not successfully resist.



Chatter. I think it is with publications as with individuals, those best entitled to rank themselves aristocrats are those least given to pretentiousness, and readiest to recognize excellence in another. I have been especially struck with the fact, in noting the comment upon the *SOUTHERN*, evoked by my mention of it among publishers here. Those of the first rank have only good words for it—even those of them with whom its success might mean a narrowing of their own field. "The people back of it must be made of heroic stuff to get out so excellent a publication in the face of these times," an eminent editor said to me the other day. Another—the Sunday editor of New York's most influential newspaper—looked up from the August number of the *SOUTHERN*, to say as I walked into his sanctum:

"How in the world do they get up a publication like this down there in Louisville? In every point it is the equal of the best magazines here. I am simply amazed. I have not happened to look at it before, and had no idea such a thing could come from outside of our big cities."

Contrariwise, there have not been lacking folk to shake the head and say: "Oh! but no Southern publication can possibly succeed. You know you have no reading public down there. Culture is peculiar to the North."

To such it gives me much pleasure to say that even before the war, Charleston stood next to Boston as a

literary center; that Nashville bought more books than Boston, proportionately to population; and that, however we may have lacked free schools, we more than made up for it in private libraries. Further I wish to exhort every soul who has a spark, a fibre of loyalty to the South country, to stand by and help the *SOUTHERN* sail fair into the harbor of success in order that our critics may be confounded, and those who have spoken us fair, be justified in so speaking.

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A mighty curious chapter of publishing history might be written on the expedients whereby editors and managers have sought to compel success. Back in the campaign of '88 it was thought the part of wisdom to have a red-hot Republican magazine. So a lot of campaign contributions were invested in the dying American Magazine. Then with a great flourish of trumpets it was announced that in the first number under new management, there would appear an article by the Hon. J. G. Blaine—for which the publishers had paid him twenty-five hundred dollars. The next day after the article appeared I chanced to sit next the magazine's editor in an L car. He had a friend at his elbow—and I could not help overhearing what passed between the two of them. Said the editor, when campaign prospects had been exhausted, "Yes, it is a fact that we paid Mr. Blaine two thousand five hundred dollars for his contribution. Of course we meant it mainly

for effect on the masses, to whom he is a sort of demi-god; that is, primarily. Second thought showed us that it was an excellent and very safe investment. The mere fact of our having paid such a price to such a man has brought us double the advertisement that we could have got in any other way for twice the money."

Another case that recurs to me is that of a college magazine with which, for a time, I had a semi-official connection. The editor of it was one of New York's howling swells. My verdict upon him, after our first interview, was, "A thundering ass—but a gentleman." Later I found it necessary to revise the estimate by leaving out the postulate. It happened that my connection with it began a little before the death of ex-President Davis. When that event took place the editor came to me, gleefully rubbing his hands and smiling all over his face.

"O! I've such a scheme!" he said. "See this poem F—— has written for me about that arch rebel? I shall print it prominently in this month's number; then every newspaper in the South will attack me for doing it, and every newspaper North pat me on the back. Between them I shall get all the advertising I want for a year, and lots of fellows will be wanting me to put in lives and pictures of themselves at a hundred dollars apiece."

I recall only one bit of the rhyme, a stanza running

Bury him gently, South,
Your tears let fall.
He did but reek with treason—
That is all.

Though I was justly indignant at it, remonstrance was out of my province. I held my peace, and obeyed the order to look out for the flood of indignant Southern protest it was meant to evoke. That flood never came. As one man, Southern college editors treated the effusion with the silent contempt it so richly merited. But more than one Northern publication—notably that of

Columbia College—took the editor sharply to task for the indecency of his attack upon the dead—the dead whose shoe-latchets he was unworthy to loose. A week or two later I was called upon to inform the editor why, in my judgment, the "World" newspaper had not noticed his magazine among other periodicals.

"I cannot say certainly," said I, "but possibly you do not know that Mrs. Joseph Pulitzer is a cousin of Mr. Jefferson Davis, or that her brother is high in editorial control of the "World." When you consider the attack"—

The editor waited to hear no more. He reached for his high hat—he came to the office in a derby, but always put on a shiny tile for occasions of high ceremony—and rushed away while the words were hot in my mouth. Next morning's "World" made due mention of the magazine—and stated there along—with that its editor had called to express personally his regret and chagrin over the appearance of the offending poem. It had, he told them, got in through the malice of a blundering subordinate, wholly without his knowledge or consent; and he begged to assure the "World," and, through it, the public, that he would have suffered torture sooner than knowingly have made an attack on the dead.

How he squared himself with the poet I have no means of knowing. Shortly after, the gentleman informed me that whatever was said in the office was sure to reach his ear—he had heard of certain speeches of mine averse to the matter which he regarded as disrespectful. In answer I told him that if he wished to get the full force and flavor of anything I had to say, he could hear it always at first hand—and added that while I had a certain tolerance for a kindly lie, I had the most sovereign contempt for one prompted either by cowardice or the hope of profit. Then I resigned my position.

Martha McCulloch Williams.

SALMAGUNDI

MY HAND.

He took my hand—no crimson tide
Suffused my cheek at this;
Nor did my being quiver
With ecstatic thrills of bliss.

He took my hand—it did not flutter
Like a timid, frightened bird;
Nor did I tremble when I caught
A hurried, whispered word.

Not that I was indifferent,
Nor yet was I to blame;
I was called away—he took my hand
To finish out the game.

J. H. M. R.

UNANIMOUSLY.

A bishop, who now lives in the metropolis of Kentucky, tells the following incident, that occurred when he was a circuit rider in the Pound Gap region of the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. We will let the bishop tell his own tale:

"I was the first preacher ever sent to the region near Pound Gap, in Leslie county. I preached in a log school-house, where for seats we had long logs which had been halved, and with the rounded side downward, and had four pegs for legs. The spaces between the logs which formed the sides of the house were open, and were guiltless of any mortar, and it was possible to catch a good-sized dog by the tail, whirl him a few times around your head, let him loose suddenly and in any direction, and out he would go through a crack.

The mountaineers finally came in, set their rifles in the corner, and, although I was in the middle of the sermon, came up, said 'Howdy,' and shook hands with me. At the close of the sermon I had the front bench cleared and called for mourners. Every one in the house came forward. I thought I had made some mistake. After prayer by one of the mountaineers I opened the doors of the church and called for confessions. Every one

in the house came up and joined the church."

"Yes," said the good bishop, laughing heartily at the recollection, "I carried that precinct unanimously."

A KENTUCKY MOUNTAIN COURTSHIP.

Uncle Rube's Bill had called to spend the evening with his girl. An hour or two passed, during which not a word had been spoken. Finally he made a feint of jumping at her.

"Booh! Polly Ann." They both laugh nervously.

A quarter of an hour elapsed in silence; then from him:

"Ortern't I be kill'd?"

"Why?"

"Fer bein' so dev'lish."

F. E. Oliver.



A WARNING.

"Mammie, hab yer seed my racket?"
"No, aint seed no racket, but ise heerd one for de las' half hour; an' if youse done keep more quieter 'bout dis yer house, youse 'll see a racket mighty quick; no mistake 'bout dat."

THE CIDER MILL.

Through the years I send you greeting,
 Long-forgotten cider-mill;
 Like an echo from my childhood,
 I can hear your music still,
 Creaking, creaking,
 Slowly creaking,
 While the horse goes round;
 Keeping time in woful squeaking,
 To the laughter and the shrieking
 And the shouts of merriment;
 Till again I catch the scent
 Of the russet pumice steaming—
 And again, in wistful dreaming,
 I can see the mellow splendor
 Of the luscious apples gleaming—
 Heaped upon the swarded ground.

Oh, the amber-tinted cider !
 How it bubbled, how it flowed,
 In the gold of autumn sunshine,
 How it glistened, how it glowed,
 How it darkled,
 How it sparkled
 With a glitter as it ran ;
 How it gurgled, trickling, rushing,
 Foaming, frothing, leaping, gushing,
 As no other liquid can ;
 Then, in wanton idleness,
 How it loitered, slipping, slipping,

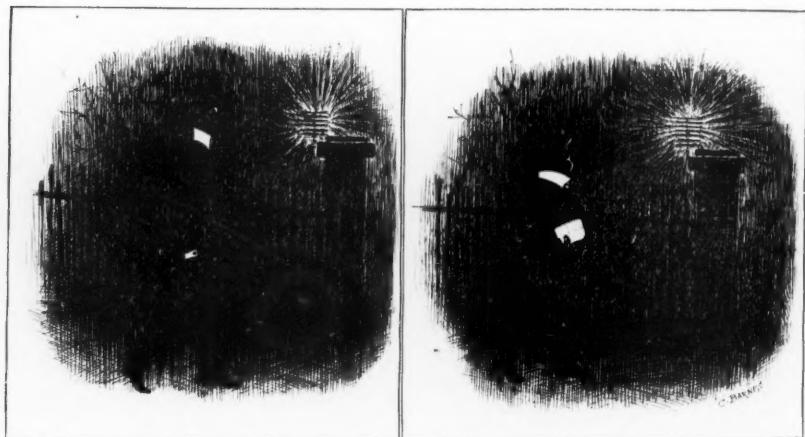
While the honey-bees were sipping
 Draughts of beaded nectar
 From the brown drops, dripping, dripping,
 O'er the red lips of the press.

Idle dreams ! again I draw
 Through a yellow barley straw,
 Magic vintage, sweeter, rarer,
 Than Olympian wine, forsooth ;
 And my eager lips I steep
 Drinking long and drinking deep,
 Till my shriveled cheeks are ruddy
 With the long lost glow of youth.

Long embalmed in dusty silence,
 Shrouded with the rust of years ;
 Old companion, here I pledge you
 In a brimming cup of tears.

Vacant places,
 Vanished faces,
 From the shadows speak to me ;
 Boyish lips, now mute forever,
 Hands estranged, that I may never
 Clasp save in eternity ;
 With your song has passed away
 Boyhood's wealth of lusty treasure ;
 Sunny hours of careless pleasure ;
 And my heart grown old in sorrow,
 Marches to a sadder measure ;
 You and I have had our day.

Marion F. Ham.



THE RIVALS—A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE.

The colored girl at the house across the way has two beaux, a short one and a slim one. They seem to select dark nights for their visits. Notwithstanding that, there is no difficulty in telling when they call and which is the caller, as the above cuts will show. The white object in the center of the second figure, it would be safe to assume, is a package of peppermint candy.

